Next Month

and later

THE CAUSES OF THE COMING WAR

Emil Ludwig

Some wars, writes Mr. Ludwig, may be avoided by balancing threats with diplomatic courtesies, expansion of armaments with partial disarmament. But only *some* wars: "Where two cultural worlds confront each other an explosive spark *must* relieve the existing tension." The next war, he predicts, will be of such a kind, and one of its main causes will be the illusion "that German honor can be redeemed only through the sword. . . . For ten years the Germany of Goethe and Beethoven, Kant and Humboldt fought to free herself from the delusion of militarism. . . . In a flood of books and speeches, articles and lectures, the best *Geister*, the best talents of the country attempted to guide German ambition toward industry and invention, commerce, art, and science. We believed that the fruitful lesson of the World War would be strong enough to conquer a tradition three centuries old. That was our error."

TEMPEST IN A LOOKING GLASS

James Thurber

Not long ago a distinguished scientist made a momentous address to the American Psychoanalytic Association in which he analyzed (or can you psychoanalyze a book?) certain aspects of *Alice in Wonderland*, arriving triumphantly at the conclusion that *Alice* is so full of cruelty, fear, and "sadistic trends of cannibalism" that it is unfit for children. Now if you read *The New Yorker* you know that nobody can go around analyzing things at random and expect to get away with it unless Mr. Thurber is very busy, because he is a pretty good analyzer himself. So he has unlimbered his typewriter on the "sadistic trends" of some of our other folk literature, with the idea of cutting out a little more work for the distinguished scientist — he doesn't think it would take him more than about ten years.

OTHER FEATURES

"Hero Hunters," by Ernest Poole, in which the work of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission is described, and some of the acts of bravery which have won its awards related. "The Intellectual and Her Husband": Eudora Ramsay Richardson investigates the matrimonial tastes of brainy (yes indeed!) women.

F O R U M

and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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THE BOOK FORUM

***Conducted by* M. M. C.**

OXFORD BOOK OF MODERN ENGLISH VERSE — edited by William Butler Yeats (Oxford, $3.75).
BELOVED FRIEND — Catherine Drinker Bowen & Barbara Von Meck (Random House, $3.00).
LANCER AT LARGE — Francis Yeats-Brown (Viking, $2.75).
DON GYPSY — Walter Starkie (Dutton, $3.50).
THE HUNDRED YEARS — Philip Guedalla (Doubleday, Doran, $3.00).
LORDS AND MASTERS — A. G. Macdonell (Macmillan, $2.50).
THE FORGED CASEMENT DIARIES — William J. A. Maloney (Talbot; Dublin).
END OF TRACK — James H. Kyner & Hawthorne Daniel (Caxton, $3.00).

WILLIAM Butler Yeats's taste in poetry has frequently shown itself as peculiar — perhaps temperamental might best be used of it. It may seem a paradox to say that he is a fine literary critic but that his judgment is untrustworthy. At least half his introduction to the *Oxford Book of Modern English Verse* which he has edited shows him to be a master in literary criticism, and at least half the anthology shows him as a hazy and decidedly bewildered judge of modern poetry. In addition to his excusable bewilderment in face of the deluge of modern verse, he is also misled by his own strong prejudices and allows himself to be swayed by considerations other than the quality of the poetry.

Once as a young person I met Yeats face to face in a London side street, saying poetry to himself. Beholding me, he excitedly invited me into a dingy tea room, where over bad tea and thick toast he read me some poems by Rabindranath Tagore whom he solemnly assured me was the greatest poet in the world. Something of the bewilderment that fell on my humble, youthful mind now afflicts me during the perusal of his anthology. His current enthusiasm is Oliver Gogarty, whom he calls "one of the great lyric poets of the age," and Tagore has slipped into the background, with less than half the pages that are given to Gogarty. Devoting too much space altogether to Irish writers, at the same time he gives the least space to the best poets and omits altogether Ledwidge, Douglas Hyde, Austin Clarke, Seumas O'Sullivan. His choice of English poets is just as bewildering, and more bewildering are the names he has omitted. Except for two or three names, he leaves out American poetry altogether.

The truth is that Mr. Yeats is not deeply interested in modern poetry, and his taste is too eccentric and private-minded to make him a reliable anthologist. He seldom chooses the best work of any poet; and, as for those whom he has chosen, he gives us the impression that he got a stenographer to write a list of names on slips of paper and then drew lots for those to go into the anthology. He must have allotted the number of pages and poems in much the same manner: sixteen poems, for instance to Oliver Gogarty; six to Housman; nineteen to Edith Sitwell; five to Walter de la Mare.

THE ardor and strangeness that used to be inherent in everything that Yeats did forsook him when he was doing this anthology. A book that is full of ardor and strangeness, however, is *Beloved Friend*, the story of Tchaikovsky, by Barbara Von Meck and Catherine Drinker Bowen. The rough outlines of the story are common property: the lady, Nadejda Von Meck, a passionate lover of music, devoted herself to fostering Tchaikovsky's genius and forwarding his compositions. Her money and her ardor were at his disposal. But these two, who never really knew each other in the flesh, developed a passionate friendship that can be described only as a spiritual love affair. Their letters to each other are filled with ardent devotion. It would be going too far to say that they never saw each other, for the composer caught a glimpse of the lady from time to time; he would watch her as she passed beneath his window during his stay in Florence; he met her as she drove by in a carriage; he saw her once at the opera — but she was nearsighted and may not have seen him.

But into this idyll there entered strange human afflictions which used to be left out of account in literature: homosexuality, insanity, disease. Tchaikovsky was an invert; the woman he married became insane, and was shut up in an asylum; finally the devoted friend, Nadejda herself, who from early years was subject to fits of exaltation and depression, also fell a victim to a nervous and mental illness and developed a pathological remorse which centered on the composer. She decided that her absorption in his friendship and in his music had taken her away from her natural duties to her family and in her melancholy came to the conclusion that it was an evil thing which must be cast out of her life. Tchaikovsky did not live long after the withdrawal of her friendship. Written with imagination and sympathy

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The Book Forum

by authors whose comprehension of music is profound, these two combined talents have produced a fascinating biography.

BIOGRAPHIES and travel books, on the whole, keep up to a high standard — a good novel is now a rarity on a reviewer's table; good biographies and travel books are much more to the fore. This month there are two excellent, even fascinating travel books. There is F. Yeats-Brown's *Lancer at Large* and Walter Starkie's *Don Gypsy*. India is evoked for us by the Lancer through her architecture and her religions. Both are uplifting, though the religions are a trifle bewildering to the European temperament.

With a curious and interesting mentality, the Lancer is an exceptional individual, with that devotion to India peculiar to certain types of Englishmen. The eternal and wonderful things of that land and her people he puts in the foreground and the temporary and debasing things he leaves in the background: this makes his book an antiseptic to such a work as *Mother India*. The Lancer has ideas that may not be as contradictory as they seem on first encounter: he is a racialist and yet he would not have one race dominate another; he declares that the people of India are fitted for self-government and yet he would not have the British withdraw from their country. But the main thing is that he leaves on our minds an unforgettable impression of a very ancient, a very puzzling, a deeply religious and tragic country.

THE Spain that Walter Starkie writes about in *Don Gypsy* is comparable to India in her diversity and color, in her layers of races and civilizations. But the Don Gypsy, when he goes to Spain, does not go for a philosophy, for he is a strolling fiddler and is interested in picking up bits of strange music. Gypsies are an interest of his side by side with his love of music, and he presents us with gypsies of all types — the puritanical, the passionate, the dangerous. The author, who when at home is a professor of Spanish, when abroad is a tramp, a strolling fiddler, a hail fellow well met with everybody. But the scholar always goes with the tramp, and this is what makes his travel books unique. As with Yeats-Brown, his scholarship not only reveals the historic background but gives elevation to the scene, the situations, and the people encountered.

IF the idea of the last two writers is to put scholarship behind their vagabondage and their adventures, the idea of Philip Guedalla has been to plant the stately muse of history behind a cocktail bar or a tea table. He has done this to ad-

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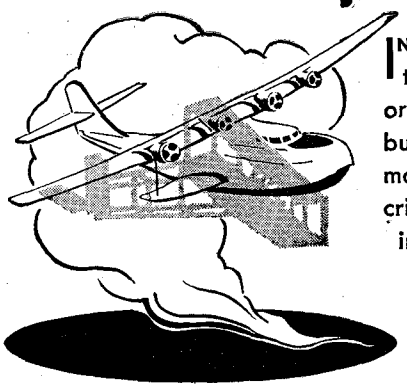

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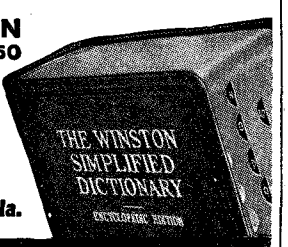

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miration in previous volumes and he continues to do it in *The Hundred Years*, which, taking for its scene the great capitals of Europe and America, tells the story of historical happenings from the accession of the girl Victoria, just a century ago, to the burning of the Reichstag three years ago. It is a pity that Philip Guedalla did not wait a little longer, and he could have given us the scene in Windsor when Queen Victoria's great-grandson abdicated: this would have nicely rounded off his hundred years.

For Mr. Guedalla history is a series of inconsequences to be related amusingly, and the scenes that he puts before us are as entertaining as a collection of cartoons. We smile when we are shown the Vienna of Metternich, where, the population "largely untroubled by their imperial destinies, a taste for music and certain combinations of cream with coffee appeared to serve them as an agreeable substitute for a public mind." From the capitals of Europe we are taken to the Washington of President Van Buren; to Mexico City under the American occupation; to Charleston, South Carolina, when a newspaper is informing Charlestonians of the wickedness of abolitionists. Then we visit Paris, London, St. Petersburg again. Well, if historical happenings have no real significance and are just something to be gossiped about, Philip Guedalla's way of treating them is just exactly right.

The least plausible of the chapters is Berlin: 1933. Somewhere in that chapter a few lines are given to Oswald Spengler, and we are told that his book became part of the mythology which Hitler has inaugurated. Now, as a matter of fact, Hitler's propagandists denounced Spengler and with very good reason. Again we are informed that the author of *The Decline of the West* "played at large over the face of history, appropriating any creditable achievements to the German genius and leaving Asiatic influence to take the blame for anything that did not chance to meet with his approval." This shows that Mr. Guedalla did not take the trouble to read Spengler's tragic volumes. But he has written a light and diverting book and to do this he had, of course, to take the seriousness and the venom out of history.

LORDS *and Masters*, by A. G. Macdonell, is a British satire on nationalism, war making, unearned incomes, the Conservative Party, high-powered masculinity, and indeed on high-powered products of all kinds. It is true that it is a very blunt satire and that it will seem to the sophisticated that the author wields his bludgeon more often than his rapier. Still it goes on with such verve that we read it gleefully. *Lords and Masters* is an English version of *It Can't Happen Here*. It has

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not the actuality, the amazing reportorial quality of the American satire but it is more witty.

The book has to do with the conflict between munitions makers — a good munitions maker and a bad munitions maker. And when is a munition maker a good one? When he understands that there is really no profit in actual war, that the money in gun making is before a war and never during a war and that countries have to be kept in terror of each other but that the terror should never reach the breaking point which produces war and, with the war, the destruction of resources. The good munitions maker is James Hanson, the bad one is Anderton-Mawle, and they are at odds with each other about the possession of Gloxite, which will make one or the other of the powers practically invulnerable in the next war and therefore able to get on the top of the ruins of civilization. We hope that A. G. Macdonell will be able to keep his verve and high spirits and also give us a satire that will have more subtlety, more penetration of actual conditions.

THE growing conviction that modern warfare is not only a plague but a perversion, an insanity, is further supported by a perusal of Dr. W. J. A. Maloney's remarkable piece of investigation, *The Forged Casement Diaries*. Now the episode in which Casement figured was but a minor one in the great war, and Casement himself was only one of the many thousand men who, all over the world, were pilloried, gibbeted, and befouled by one or the other of the war-making governments. But his case is a specimen case, and Dr. Maloney by his patient and acute investigation has isolated, as it were, one of the more horrible of the germs incubated by war. In these pages we can see how the reputation of a doomed man can be methodically and ingeniously destroyed by an array of government agencies which tackle the job with extraordinary technical mastery. Walter Millis already has shown us how effective a well-regulated propaganda can be in arousing a raging and irrational spirit in people. And *The Forged Casement Diaries* will also help us (maybe) to be a little more immune to the poison of the propagandists.

END *of Track*, is the life story of a railroad builder, James H. Kyner, now nearly 90 years old. His father kept an inn in the village of Oakland, Ohio, and he tells us about the picturesque life of that old-time hostelry which was at once the village hotel and the village pub. The boy enlisted in the Union army, was wounded in the leg at the battle of Shiloh, and thereafter wore a wooden stump attached to his knee.

But the want of a piece of leg did not limit his energy or resourcefulness. After various adventures and various occupations, including that of schoolteacher, he tried studying law, but the desk was not for him, so he abandoned it and went west. He staked out a claim to a bit of land in Nebraska and saw the last great buffalo hunt, in which Indians to the number of 3,000 were the hunters. Finally, he got into railroad building and cut and blasted roadbeds through solid rock. He is a survivor of the period when the strong foundations of this country were still unfinished.

(Beginning on page 159, Mary M. Colum discusses the new books listed below.)

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SHINING SCABBARD — R. C. Hutchinson (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.75).

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NIJINSKY'S DIARY — edited by Romola Nijinsky (Simon & Schuster, $2.50).

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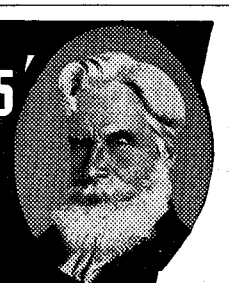

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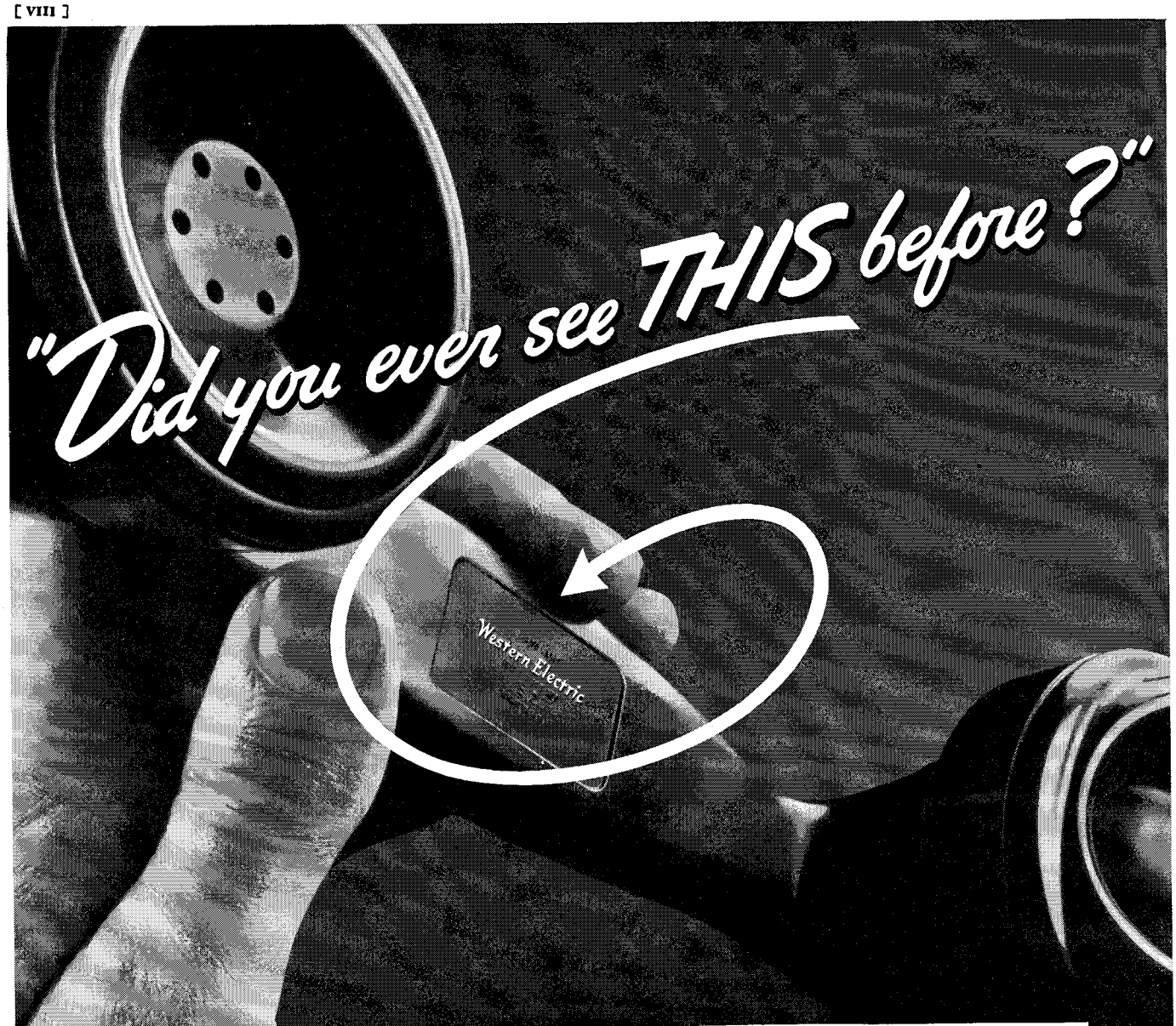

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MARCH, 1937 VOL. XCVII, NO. 3

Apprentice Young America

Editorial Foreword

THOSE WHO worry about the changing times and the disappearance of the old virtues will be cheered by the coming revival of a very old-fashioned custom in industry — the apprenticing of youth. Ours is a country of unbelievable inconsistencies. For five years our big problem has been the unemployed. Now we are brought face to face with a recovery that is being retarded by a reported shortage of skilled hands. Complicated machines that displaced labor are in their turn slowing down because of the lack of men technically trained to run them. The dearth of skilled labor is said to be particularly severe in the metal-manufacturing industries. What were the young people about during the depression? Evidently they were not being trained for places in industry.

In no other civilized country does enthusiasm enjoy so high a premium over skill as in America. Natural resources and bluff have served us better than we deserve. It is not that we lack abundance of competent experts. In athletics, engineering, surgery — to mention a few crafts — Americans excel craftsmen of other nations in training and skill. But there are too many people ready to undertake a complicated job for which they are not properly equipped, to set a bone or mend a chair or paper a room. There are, of course, plenty of able plumbers, but housewives often call for the wrong one.

American craftsmanship is still suffering from the popularity of overhead. The 400,000 new young people seeking employment each year will have to learn to respect manual tasks as much as white-collar jobs and train for them. A recent study of the National Industrial Conference Board is entitled *Wanted: Skilled Labor*. It calls for co-operation of government and industry for the revival of apprenticeship in America on a national scale.

BRITISH THOROUGHNESS

THE ANCIENT and honorable apprentice system of England is familiar to all of us who have read British novels. The efficiency of Great Britain as a world power is due in part to the background of thoroughness built up through the centuries by apprenticeship. From the twelfth century to the time of Elizabeth the system of apprenticing youth was controlled by the guilds. In 1563, the Statute of Laborers consolidated this system and provided that apprenticeship would extend to seven years and not expire before the apprentice attained the age of 24 and that only graduate apprentices should be admitted to the practice of any craft. British industry operated under this statute until 1814, when changing machinery called for less rigid conditions; and the law which had served England so well for three and a half centuries was repealed. Since 1814 apprenticeship in Great Britain has been voluntarily but quite generally practiced.

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Before the depression, one fifth of the male working population of Great Britain under 21 years of age consisted of apprentices.

The typical British apprentice of history and literature is one of perhaps three boys living under the roof of a journeyman. He is under control of his master by indenture for a period of years. He receives education, food, shelter, clothing, and spending money, which increases with the years. He helps the journeyman daily in his shop, and is instructed by him. The master is not only his employer but takes the place of his father. He also exercises the function of schoolmaster. In the home the journeyman's wife acts as his foster mother. Thus affection and education are fused with discipline. It is an altogether happy social relationship.

In the United States the British system of indenture was inherited from colonial days and flourished down to the Civil War, when mass production and trade unionism came in and the old father-and-son relationship passed out. Even so, the practice of apprenticeship has by no means disappeared. A minority but a substantial minority of our trade unions has always fostered apprenticeship, as have certain employers' associations. Again our vocational and trade schools have tried to carry on the practical training formerly supplied by education in the home of the master.

In professional and one-man jobs there is no reason why the personal relationship should not continue. The old apprentice tradition has survived in that brave fraternity, the pilots of the Atlantic seaboard. Down in Boca Grande, today, on the west coast of Florida, where ships of many nations come to load with phosphate, there are for the port three licensed pilots. Helping these professionals is always one indentured apprentice. His training period is four years, and so the port graduates deliberately once in four years a new, salty registered pilot.

Under the new industrial set-up the typical apprentice will have to share with three different units the time that a century ago he would have devoted to his master. Instead of receiving home and schooling from his master he will remain with his parents and attend a vocational school. During working hours his master will be a boss delegated by a corporation.

The reinstatement of the system on a large scale requires government initiative. To this end the Federal Committee on Apprentice Training is established in Washington. The National Youth Administration has designated this committee as its agency for apprentice activity. The Committee supplies model indenture forms for youths sixteen or over and serves as a clearing house for local committees and a bureau of information for apprentice programs all over the country. Each State has its apprentice training committee.

The standard indentured-apprentice contract contains on the reverse side stipulations of time of training — usually four years — the schedule of processes to be learned, and the scale of conpensation. An electrical wireman, for example, is required to learn the following types of residential wiring: rewire an annunciator; wire for return call bells; install bell wiring in houses; wire for simple station two-wire phone; make soldering and taping joints; rough in a knob and tube job; wire two lights controlled from one, two, and three points; finish a knob and tube job; install a wiring system in an old house; install meter boards and services; wire single and double garages. A householder will view with equanimity entrusting his wiring to a lad trained in all these accomplishments!

Honors and Overalls

Many educators, of course, believe that apprentice training should be at the public expense and confined to the trade and vocational schools. But no academic training, however practical, can take the place of preparation for the unexpected and the responsibility of the hard school of experience. The trade school should be an auxiliary to, not a substitute for, the shop.

Publicity has given us an inverted sense of values. Civilization cannot subsist on advertised performers. It must be grounded on the skill and competence of thousands of unheralded craftsmen whose quiet satisfaction is in the self-knowledge of jobs well done. The skilled craftsman, whether he be a poet or a plumber, usually finds a job waiting for him even in the depths of a depression.

Henry Goddard Leach

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JOHN L. LEWIS' Push to Power

by **LOUIS ADAMIC**

Courtesy of The Nation

At 57 most men begin to slip into the shady side of middle life; John L. Lewis seems to have just attained his prime. He is six feet and weighs 230 but carries little, if any, excess flesh. He is hard, straight, broad, very broad, and all but abnormally deep-chested. His step is springy. And it is no trouble to believe that as a young miner in Illinois he knocked out an unruly mule. As one watches him, his great, agile body appears a marvelously fit, efficient organism, all its parts working, clicking, integrated. Coming, as he told me, of "a long line of stalwart progenitors who bequeathed me a rugged constitution" (that is how he talks sometimes) and following "fairly rational habits," he does not know from experience what illness is, although he takes no exercise beyond an occasional stroll. He is apt to be with us for a long time yet.

He has been likened to a steam roller and described as thick and burly, but I think a trifle carelessly. *Tough*, *ruthless*, *domineering*, *pugnacious*, and *Napoleonic*, also much used in the daily press attempts to characterize him, are better; while to *solid*, *dominating*, *formidable*, *vital*, and *potent* no objection can be made — I think not even by his adoring daughter and private secretary, Kathryn Lewis, currently disturbed by the other adjectives.

His round, massive head is the most impressive affair I have ever seen atop a man's neck. Alongside it, the average male pate is something faint and inane. Newspaper men love to call Lewis' head leonine. It is harmonious with the rest of the body. The thick mane of dark, long, curly hair is beginning to gray. The wide, medium-high forehead is crossed by two deep, unparallel lines above the tremendous dark eyebrows, which, also starting to ashen, curve shaggily upward. The wide-apart, lively blue eyes are capable of long-continued, deliberate calm as well as fierce, abrupt fire, probably no less deliberate. The firm-lipped mouth usually holds a cigar. The clean-scraped chin and jowls bespeak his fighting proclivities, as does the medium-sized, well-shaped, aggressive nose.

The vast face, with its thick, leathery skin and deep lines, which are no mere wrinkles but what writers of western yarns used to call crags, is attractive — when he wants it to be attractive. It can register every important human emotion within the space of time that it takes him to utter a long sentence (and many of his sentences are long) but is most effective in wrath, scorn, and contempt; he has had more practice in them than in the softer expressions.

The face holds a hint of incongruity. Above the nose it is the face of a brooder; below, that of a fighter, a man of action. The two are not fused or integrated. The fighter dominates the brooder.

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Synthesis of 400,000 Ambitions

His manner is seldom simply human. It is generally deliberate, official. But when it is simply human it is also simply superb. That occurs when he meets with a few intimate friends — he hasn't many — and tells vivid yarns about miners he has known. Which indicates, I think, where his human base is.

His voice, effective on the radio, is dramatic, with a remote rumble in the most ordinary remarks, as though it were under rigid control lest it break into a roar — which it sometimes almost does anyhow, even during lunchtime conversation, causing people at other tables to turn around. Very much the actor, frequently the ham actor, he is closer to being an orator than a talker. His sentences swing, surge, roll redundantly, and pound on your ears with a rough, elemental rhythm till they have no clear meaning.

He seems to strive — unnecessarily — to impress. Often he is somewhat grandiose, ponderous, pompous, pontifical, bombastic; and one speculates: Are the bombast and pomposity there to conceal self-doubt or some feeling of inferiority? Or are they the attributes of a demagogue? The answer is that that possibly was the case, in part, originally, but that, perhaps to a considerable extent, these characteristics were, early in his career, just a phase of the manner of a typical union-hall spellbinder; now they hang on as a habit, a bit of personal atavism. Of late, in his day-to-day function, he is probably as free of self-doubt and feelings of inferiority or inadequacy as any man with a sense of responsibility can be in these tangled, uncertain times. Headed for the future, he is cluttered up — as who isn't, more or less? — with his own past.

Every now and then, as he talks to one (seldom altogether frankly), his whole complex, powerful make-up seems to vibrate and blaze with ambition. For what? Those claiming to know him best agree that he is not interested in money. His wants are those of a middle-class man of modest, naturally disciplined desires and appetites, and he has passed up opportunities for great wealth. Does he want great power? No doubt. However, I think not mere power for power's sake. His ambition is no new thing. He has long wanted to become a national figure, for he doubtless is an exceptionally endowed man, perhaps even a potentially superior man, a self-made man with great capacity for growth and needing wide fields for his function. He has often been crassly opportunistic in promoting his cause and brutal and unfair (at least from their angle) to his opponents within the labor movement; but basically, as his friends and daughter insist, he *is* a sort of idealist — not very clear in his idealism and, American-like, maybe a little ashamed of it but at the same time seeking opportunities to practice it. Basically, he is of labor, a son of a miner who was black-listed for union activity, a product of labor; and he is for labor and wants to serve it, believing that by serving it he can best serve the country. Basically, he is a patriot, conscious of his ability to make a contribution to America's progress. However, he is also a great egoist. He wants to stand out. These are the important elements of his ambition.

In many respects an exceptional man, yes; but also a deeply ordinary one. He is pleased when *Fortune* gives him a long and respectful write-up and dictates an appreciative letter to the editors in which he refers to himself — over his famous signature that is a perfect diagram of all the bombast in his character — as "my humble self" and thus exposes himself to comments by the clever, anonymous young men who write the articles in that most unordinary magazine. Only a very ordinary man would do such a thing. And he has a chauffeur in whipcords who drives him in the twelve-cylinder automobile his union bought for him: which is what every ordinary man in America would like to have. When Lewis goes to the White House to see the President or to the Capitol, there ride in that shiny car — vicariously — the 400,000 United Mine Workers of America, most of them ordinary men, common Americans of old or recent immigrant stock or naturalized citizens, full of the instinct and impulse to improve themselves, to get on, to acquire the material symbols of well-being, power, and progress that are the chief elements of the American Dream. That fine machine and the snappy cap on the chauffeur's head are ordinary symbols, generally craved in America, though rarely attained, and which, incidentally, are apt to be an important source of Lewis' power in this country.

In a very real sense of that much misused

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phrase, he is a man of the people. An ex-miner, he has risen "out of the bowels of the earth" to great prominence by force of sheer character and ability, coupled with modern ballyhoo. Or we can say that he erupted out of the great laboring masses and for this reason is — in addition to what I have suggested in the paragraph immediately above — naturally and intimately representative of the "hosts of labor" (his phrase), who form a growing mass of the American nation and are beginning to realize that they are doomed to remain workers. He is, moreover, a born, an instinctive leader, an unequaled labor politician, a superb showman, adept at creating dramatic incidents and at uttering picturesque, impressive phrases which result in publicity favorable to him. He is thoroughly American in terms of current America. He is almost certain to play a role of growing importance in a period of transition or great socio-economic changes, which, to all seeming, are what the immediate future holds in the United States.

Opportunity Knocks

Lewis' career as president of the United Mine Workers (I shall not go into its details; they are available elsewhere) was one long and bitter struggle for the life of that union, which to him was synonymous with his retaining leadership of it. What gray hair he now has he blames on that fight. But it was invaluable to him. It drilled and strengthened him in what might have been his natural realistic approach to things, sharpened and expanded his native intelligence, made him keenly opportunistic.

In the period from 1920 to 1933, while the decline of King Coal and the antagonistic forces in the labor movement threatened the very existence of the U.M.W. as a union, he didn't — couldn't afford to — miss a chance to advance his cause. Constantly on the spot, either within or outside his organization, he had been required to know everything bearing on his and the U.M.W. problems better than anyone else and had burned barrels of midnight oil studying the coal industry in all its aspects, so that, when he appeared at a wage or arbitration conference or before a government commission, he knew as much about the smallest details of the various companies' business as their owners — sometimes more. He acquired the habit of thoroughness and developed an almost phenomenal memory. Even when the U.M.W.'s treasury was at its lowest, he never spared expense for research and reliable information. He himself was able to work from fourteen to eighteen hours a day for weeks at a spell.

And so, when the Blue Eagle flew over the American scene and the coal code was being framed, Lewis made a terrific impression with his exact knowledge of coal economics generally and the social problems involved in the coal industry. He knew the circumstances of the individual companies, their production and financial problems, down to the secret business connections and managerial blunders of their officers and directors and the names of their principal stockholders. Edward McGrady, with whom I discussed him, said to me that at the coal code hearings "John was nothing short of amazing." He put to shame several big operators, heaped scorn on them, telling them and the world (newspapermen were present) that they did not know their own business; won the admiration and friendship of Hugh Johnson; and finally got a code extremely advantageous to mine workmen, who then rushed back into the U.M.W. — which they had been leaving during the previous ten years. They put a couple of million dollars into the empty union treasury and raised him on their 400,000 broad shoulders to be seen far and wide as a national figure.

The Opening Wedge

All through the bitter fight for his union's and his own existence during the critical 1920's and the worse early 1930's, Lewis had kept his eyes sharply and shrewdly on the future. It was always: *What next?* Thus he developed great foresight and the ability to time his moves — with the result that he saw, in rough outline, the eventual formation of the Committee for Industrial Organization outside the American Federation of Labor as early as the summer of 1934.

He realized that the A.F.L., with its obsolete craft-union idea and moribund officialdom, would not — could not — overhaul its philosophy and set-up to organize the twenty or 25 million unorganized workers; that the old federation was, indeed, doing all it could to prevent the effective organization of mass-

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production industries; that at least some of these industries must be unionized without much delay (if for no other reason, to secure the future of such unions as his own U.M.W.); that the New Deal under President Roosevelt offered an opportunity for the inception of a great industrial-unionization movement; and that this was a chance for him to make himself a great figure and perhaps rapidly develop an economic and political power such as no man ever had in this country. Now his union was momentarily strong and secure; now the U.M.W., with $2,000,000 in the cash box, was solidly behind him; now the most capable of his former opponents in the union were eager to return to the movement on his terms; now he had some extra energy; now was the time.

Being closest to coal, steel was, of course, the first industry to be tackled; and, Pennsylvania being the center of the steel industry, Lewis — with great foresight (he practically admitted this move to me) — concentrated in 1934 on becoming the deciding factor in electing George Earle, a New Deal Democrat, and Tom Kennedy, secretary-treasurer of the U.M.W., governor and lieutenant governor of that usually Republican State, so that, when the time came, the Government of Pennsylvania would not aid the steel trust to beat down the workers' organizing campaign as it did in 1919. This was a master stroke. In a speech at Homestead last summer Lieutenant Governor Kennedy advised steelworkers that in case of trouble the State would not allow any law officers to "interfere with the rights of the workers" and, moreover, that the men were assured of relief if mills closed down! Earle and Kennedy are in office for two more years, which will be decisive in what Lewis has in mind.

Knowing the personnel of the executive council and the whole A.F.L. make-up as few men know them, Lewis, I think, largely foresaw back in 1934 how things would turn out; and during the past eighteen months he has handled his side of the rapidly developing situation with the sure touch of an experienced labor politician. At the Atlantic City convention in 1935 he put up a terrific fight for industrial unionism, knowing in advance he would be defeated, and during the debate knocked down the most vociferous champion of craft unionism, Big Bill Hutchenson, head of the carpenters, who had called him a name. This was big news throughout the country, read and discussed by intelligent workers everywhere as symbolical of the actual superiority of the industrial over the craft idea.

The Lewis group then formed the now famous C.I.O., followed by the Labor Non-Partisan League. Lewis resigned from the executive council of the A.F.L. and from the outside, with almost diabolical deftness, maneuvered poor, little-minded Bill Green and his fellow reactionaries into splitting the labor movement over the issue, in such a manner that the responsibility for the split now rests not on his own but clearly on their shoulders. The rest is recent front-page news, which in the main, let me repeat as my belief, was old stuff to Lewis before it happened.

Last autumn the LaFollette civil-liberties subcommittee started investigating employer intimidation in labor disputes. It spread authentic stories of professional finks, labor rats and spies, strikebreakers, and *agents provocateurs* and their relations with big corporations over the pages of every important paper in America. It exposed whole industries engaged in the manufacture and sale of weapons used in beating down labor. The farsighted Lewis had a lot to do with the creation of this senatorial investigation, which has been very effective in preparing the American public to be able better to understand the labor news during 1937 and '38, when, as an intelligent laborite lately put it to me, "steel, autos, and rubber are liable to get hot as hell — and maybe the textiles, radios, food, and other great industries, too."

The Big Push

No Marxist, Lewis shuns the term *class struggle* but is for the "have nots" waging a relentless and intelligent war simultaneously on the industrial and political fronts against the "haves" who function so that the former cannot improve their lot. This war, he seems to believe, is essentially not unlike a military war. He is a student of war, specializing in Napoleonic campaigns, and in discussing labor movements, campaigns, and battles of the past he often breaks into military phraseology. He told me, for example, that the trouble with the old I.W.W. organization, in his opinion, was this:

It never attempted to consolidate or perpetuate

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its gains. It continually bled itself white by the vigor of its struggles and was always vulnerable from the rear.

We may be sure that under Lewis the labor movement will make no such mistakes. No impetuous dreamer but a stern realist, an acute opportunist with a sense for timing his moves, he proceeds forcefully, carefully from objective to objective, consolidating his possession of each before going to another. This has been his strategy so far in the campaign to organize steel. He will not bleed his forces white with too much vigor. He will not start any industrial offensive without having first secured his rear politically. Nor will he attempt to realize his probable political ambitions (of which more in a minute) until he has made himself a tremendous power among the masses of industrial labor and created a well-greased political machine.

I have mentioned Lewis' hand in Pennsylvania politics since 1934. Last year, to protect the C.I.O.'s rear nationally, he and his associates — through the Labor Non-partisan League — played an important role in piling up the overwhelming Roosevelt majority. Landon and his supporters were unfriendly to the C.I.O. movement and had to be defeated. Roosevelt had to be made obligated to labor — to Lewis. To re-elect the President, brakes were momentarily applied to the steelworkers' organizing campaign, in order to prevent any possible major outbreak of industrial strife which might have augmented the anti-Roosevelt hysteria in certain quarters during the election campaign. Since November 3, steelworkers, feeling that Roosevelt will protect them against the power of open-shop employers, have been joining the unions all over the country at the rate of 2,000 a day, and it is expected that by the time this article appears the total membership of C.I.O. steel unions will exceed 200,000. Since then, too, the strength and daring of the auto and rubber workers' organizations (particularly the former), with their sit-down strikes, has also increased rapidly. The situation in autos is liable to get extremely hot even before these lines get in print.

The big push is on.

Early in the winter I made a tour of several important industrial centers, and my feeling remains that Lewis' movement will soon be sufficiently strong in numbers, money, and spirit — especially if the current production upswing continues — to put him in position to make his first demands on steel and, probably, autos: for recognition of unions and acceptance of the principle of collective bargaining by industries as units.

He will make his demands amid a fanfare of front-page publicity, which will be immensely valuable prounion propaganda. He will be thoroughly informed about every important detail of the steel and auto businesses and rub the worst facts into the consciousness of the country. He will draw the President into the hubbub. The Steel Institute, now sans the support of the governments of Pennsylvania and the United States, which it had in 1919, will be facing a force more than equal to its own power. The auto industry will be in similar situation.

If it comes to general steel and auto strikes, the struggle will be, I think, in favor of Lewis' cause, and the industrialists will do well for themselves to recognize and deal with him before that. Lewis and the C.I.O. hope to avoid great strikes, but they mean business and will be ready for anything. If you doubt this, visit the headquarters of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee on the 36th floor of the splendid Grant Building in Pittsburgh, where — under the direction of Lewis' closest friend, Phil Murray, an experienced, quiet-mannered old-time unionist — everything from the elegant new office furniture to the businesslike personnel spells competence and confidence. Or go to Detroit and talk with young President Martin of the United Automobile Workers, who is a former minister and athlete, neat, unpretentious, full of confidence in the righteousness of his cause and learning fast and well the ropes of labor-union politics. Or go to Akron and spend an hour with the leaders of the rubber workers, who, if it comes to a strike in autos, will walk out too and conceivably win recognition of their union and of collective bargaining, simultaneously with steel and autos.

Also, the miners' contract expires in the spring, and they are apt to add to the magnitude of the struggle.

In short, Lewis is likely to make 1937 a frightfully interesting year. But these things will be only a beginning. After consolidating its

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gains, the C.I.O. will — and *must* — go on to form new unions in the radio, food, textile, and other manufacturing industries, for Lewis and his associates realize that separate unions will be safe in the long run only if all or at least most labor is organized. It is not merely possible but probable that by 1939 there will be under C.I.O. leadership eight or ten million workers in tens of thousands of local unions, each of which will be a potential cog or wheel in a vast political machine as well as a vital instrument for labor's economic aggression in industry.

A Labor Party?

During the last presidential campaign a man close to Lewis said to me meaningfully, "Roosevelt will only serve to hold the fences *until*. . . ." Until when? Until labor becomes competent to protect itself politically while it keeps going ahead economically. Lewis himself refuses to discuss his political plans, but, talking with him, one has no doubt that they include the White House and the country.

Is he thinking of a new labor or farmer-labor party? I doubt it; he is too shrewd for that. Either of those labels would not allow, in America as she stands today, for a broad enough appeal to take in the voters who are not clearly workers or farmers. Lewis will come out for a third party only if there is no other way. In that case he will probably get together with the LaFollettes, who have, for America today, the best conceivable political label, Progressive. But he will do that only if he fails to become a dominant figure in the Democratic Party. The likelihood is that he will not fail and that in 1940, while probably not running himself, will be in position — even more than Roosevelt — to dictate who shall be the next president and what he shall do.

What does Lewis want? What does he propose to do? When you ask him these and similar questions, he talks pontifically of "industrial democracy." Labor must be organized so it can stand up and face organized capital. Labor must win for itself a voice in industrial management and assume responsibility. Labor must get more for its work. The benefits of civilization must be spread out. Higher wages. Shorter hours. Better working conditions. He is not against capitalism *in toto;* he wants it "controlled," not abolished. He intends to have a law which will provide for the licensing by the federal government of every corporation. Capital now is wild, irresponsible, unsocial; he means to "subdue" it. He means to curb the Supreme Court. He wants an organized labor that will be in position to put pressure on Congress and the President for anything it wants, within reason.

But if you ask him about the larger, more fundamental human problems, the questions of culture, of the individual's creative functioning within an industrial civilization, of essential human happiness, he shrugs his vast shoulders. If you press him for answers, he is evasive. He has no ultimate objectives but has a hunch he is on the right track, linked to the process of progress. I think he is too, but how far will he get with the power he is now developing? What basic philosophic direction will he give it? Where is he likely to stop and, stopping for a time — possibly for a long time — hold up the vital evolution of this country? In the long run the leadership of a movement such as his can't possibly have its main reliance on a hunch and cunning strategy.

He is a big man, competent and forceful in the immediate situations with which he deals, but he is also unformed, limited — though no more so than most men now prominent in our public life. Elsewhere I have described him as vaguely tremendous. He is potentially so important that one wishes he were clearer, more definite.

He is a compound of all kinds of qualities and tendencies. I believe he has no real notion of the possibilities of human life on this continent, but I am told that occasionally he broods, wondering where he is headed. Lately he has proved that he possesses a great capacity for growth. He has a sense of responsibility and *is* an idealist but is also a fiercely ambitious man of action. He is by nature and training somewhat domineering, even dictatorial. His values are mainly quantitative, rather than qualitative; material, rather than spiritual. He talks of civilization rather than culture. His aesthetic sense is not highly developed; ugly things do not disturb him. His past, with which, as I have said, he is heavily cluttered, was a matter of struggle for personal power, for better wages and hours: for material aims. He has been more or less conditioned by that struggle. I believe he thinks — usually, at any

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rate — that wages and hours constitute the most important problem. He does not know, not *really*, that the economic question is actually but incidental to the general human problem; that the economic question must be solved mainly in order that we may then be able to begin tackling our other, more basic, more serious predicaments.

Will He Grow Too Fast?

These intellectual and spiritual limitations, which make him so vague when one asks him fundamental questions, make him a dangerous man — and this not so much from the viewpoint of the capitalists and the idle rich, as from the viewpoint of those who, believing that he is on the right track, now support him and the C.I.O.

I think Lewis is apt to create a great labor organization which, operating on the industrial and political fronts, will force up wages and lower working hours as far as they will go without ruining the industries within the frame of capitalism; will keep industries from overexpansion and spread out purchasing power; and will thus probably lengthen the business cycle and shorten the periods of depressions when they come. But, unless he grows philosophically while developing his power, I fear that is about all he will do. Without wanting to, he is liable to become the leader of a kind of labor fascism whose principal achievement will be that of saving capitalism from itself and pushing the American people deeper into a life based and revolving mostly around narrow materialist and quantitative concepts.

Lewis has, as I say, a great capacity for growth, and it is possible that as a man and a leader he will grow mentally along with acquisition of power and responsibility, but I am not inclined to bank on this chance. Liberal and progressive writers have lately praised, cheered and "yessed" him indiscriminately as the hope of the American working class and of America. That was, in the main, a mistake. Hereafter, I think, it will be wise for liberal and progressive journals, as well as his colleagues within the C.I.O. and the officials of C.I.O. unions, to contemplate Lewis critically, with the idea that the big man, no matter how right he may be momentarily, perhaps needs in the long run to be saved from himself.

* * *

P.S. — Reading the above, I notice that I have scarcely mentioned the American Federation of Labor. This is because I have concluded some time ago that, if the split is not patched up, the A.F.L. will rapidly sink into a kind of paralysis. For a time it will be an obstruction in Lewis' path but not a very serious one. By and by it will go the way of the Knights of Labor and the I.W.W. If the split is patched up (not very likely), Lewis will dominate the labor movement anyhow.

A House for a God

by **JANET MABIE**

Suppose circumstances make it necessary or desirable for you to find a new house to live in some day, say about five years hence. How would you like it, if you knew that all you had to do was pick up your telephone and say to someone — as you would give an order for a quart of pasteurized milk — "This is Mrs. Whosis. I am moving to a lot at Arbor and Vine Streets which you will find tagged with my name. I want you to deliver your five-room house to me at that location tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock. Please see that your men are punctual, as I have people coming for dinner."

No prospect of toiling through the dreary disappointments of house hunting or grim bouts with rental agents. If you want to buy the house, no mortgages to wrestle with, be-

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cause the house — which has been tested on the scales and weighs about 6,000 pounds — will cost only $1,500. Nobody will come around to see that the water pipes are in order, because there won't be any. You won't use very much water when you live in the house, and what you do use — at the outside, twenty gallons a week or so — will be delivered at the door by someone who sells it to you as the vegetable man sells you spinach and peas. No running to the gas and electric companies to pay deposits and sign contracts, because all the lighting, heating, and cooking power you need will be self-contained in the house, generated by a gas made from the waste elements of living.

There won't even be that Herculean task of packing to move and unpacking again, because more than half the accessories of your living will be part of the house itself. In fact, when it comes moving time, about all you'll have to do will be to pack up whatever personal trinkets are necessary to you as an individual, your clothes, your children, and your husband; put on your hat; look around at the housekeeping horror you are leaving; breathe ecstatically, "Good-by to all that"; and set out for Arbor and Vine.

It won't be a dream, either. Nor yet some momentary stroke of fortune in a fool's paradise. You won't have to think of waking up to some *other* moving day, for, when that day comes, you will merely call up the people from whom you bought the house and tell them to take it away and leave another for you at a new location. It will be rather like turning in the old car and getting a new one — only there won't be any depreciation charged against you, not any more than is charged by the grocer for the paper bags he delivers your groceries in.

Perhaps this sounds too much like some Elysium of a lotus eater's dream and had better be explained. It isn't even just another prefabricated-house idea because (though technically, of course, it does involve a prefabricated house, since it is built in a factory and delivered to you by truck) it has several aspects no prefabricated house up to this time has had.

The Dymaxion Idea

The whole subject of proper — meaning efficient, pleasant, comfortable — housing in the United States is definitely trembling in the balance. What we're going to live in next is of importance to everyone in the country. Not only from the standpoint of individual comfort and greater convenience in the exacting enough business of living but because of the direct relation housing bears to any lasting prosperity.

As a population, every individual among us is suffering from a kind of paralysis brought on by the imperfections in the existing mechanics of living. Added to this is the fact that economically there can be no definite or lasting escape from the bondage of the depression until the heavy industries are restored to accelerating vigor. The heavy industries will reach a healthy stride when there is a great volume of new housing construction. Lest anyone think that the kind of house suggested in earlier paragraphs will destroy existing industries and utilities and throw millions of people out of work — hostages to "progress" and "evolution" — let it be said that any such building construction as is represented in this type of house will not only absorb all the present capacities of industry but multiply them.

Naturally we shall hear a great deal of wrangling about what form a great national housing program shall take: what the houses in an extensive project shall *look* like and *be* like and how their construction shall be financed, especially in a time of economic reorganization. These things may seem pretty far in the future. Yet it is something to realize that a beginning has been made, that we are nearer the root of the matter than the assumption that four walls make a house, that we are developing a disposition to take the natural endowments, deficiencies, and complexities of the human being and make them the axis of the problem of shelter, with our aim to build a form of shelter which will complement rather than defy these complexities and at last achieve a result which is efficiency.

And so we come to Mr. Buckminster Fuller and his Dymaxion house.

No need to go looking up Dymaxion in the dictionary, because it isn't there. But it can be explained.

When Mr. Fuller reached the point where he wanted a word to fit the implications and usefulness of the house he had composed, he consulted with a friend who is an expert on words.

That is what William Howard Taft liked to

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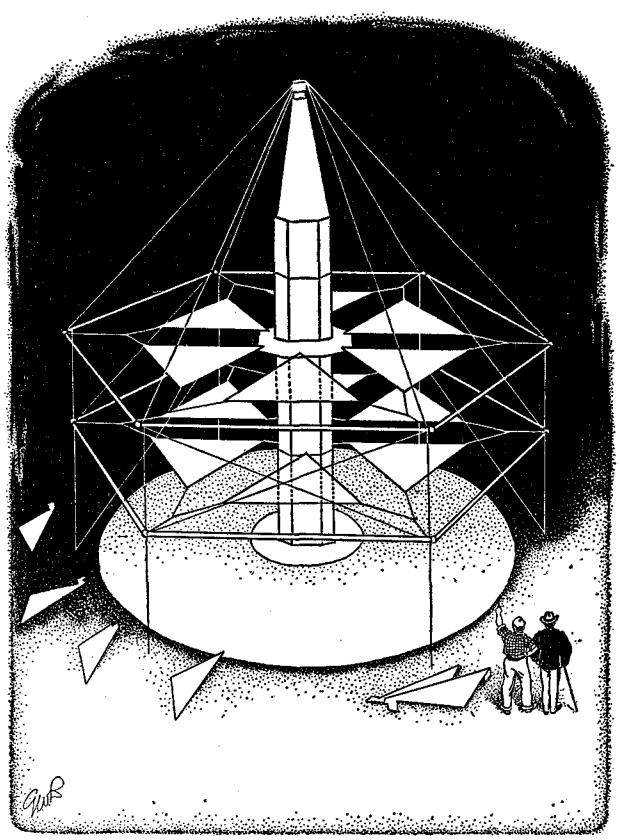
call good plain horse sense. A word ought to sound like its meaning. To tell the truth, Mr. Fuller didn't insist on that, but he did want an arresting name, with a clean, efficient sound. He did pretty well for himself — how well will be seen when the house itself is described. But if you pick the word to pieces what does it make you think of? Does *Dy* make you think of *dynamic*, which describes forceful or effective action? Does *axion* resemble the sound of *axis*, which is a straight line, real or imaginary, passing through a body, actually or supposedly revolving? Does the whole word, *Dymaxion*, make you think of something that turns on a dime?

It would be natural to call Mr. Fuller the inventor of the Dymaxion house and the Dymaxion automobile. He says he is not an inventor at all but a composer. He says he has simply taken elements which already existed, being inherent in the universal need for shelter, and composed them in a harmonious pattern of comfort and utility.

Mr. Fuller's house and automobile are not merely wild schemes. The house has been analyzed straight down the line by authorities and tested and proven. It could go into quantity production tomorrow and, in fact, it is no more remote from general public realization than a battle cruiser which has been authorized and awaits only a congressional appropriation for construction. The Dymaxion automobile has been produced. Mrs. Leopold Stokowski owns one — a sleek, emerald-green thing that can do everything but climb the outside of Rockefeller Center. I have been in one myself. It is a very surprising but very comfortable conveyance, and it is a great deal of fun to watch the policeman on the beat when he gets a look at it, swishing around on a dime, with no more *réclame* than if a child were turning a tricycle.



Drawings by George Willard Bonte

Birth of a Philosophy

Mr. Fuller went to Milton Academy, and then he went to Harvard. He was put out of Harvard three times because he couldn't seem to get interested in his work. But his dismissal was a good thing, for it put him on the road to really learning something. First he went to Canada, where he got an apprentice job in a cotton mill: there he learned to put together every kind of machine used in the place. So he knows machinery and its principles inside out. Then he got a job with Armour & Company and did everything — from selling canned fruits to delicatessen shops in the Bronx to the work of assistant accountant.

The War broke out. He was assigned to transport duty. Admiral Gleaves detached him from his appointed post and put him in charge of secret information for the fleet. As he had to decipher all messages and know on the instant where every ship in the fleet was, he learned a lot about radio. Radio was pretty feeble in those days, compared to what we know it as now, but it was what produced peacetime radio, because the War required an intensive development that money could not have been found for in peacetime.

After he got out of the navy, he set aside some time in which to do nothing at all but think. As a matter of fact, it was three solid years. That is probably not too long a time to take in finding out what has been the matter with shelter, down through civilization. And, if one is really conscientious about thinking, the only way to do it is set aside the time and do nothing else, for we all know how life

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catches us up and how we go on and on, knowingly leaving any quantity of things undone for lack of the time and repose in which to concentrate on them.

Out of his thinking, Mr. Fuller got a definite philosophy of shelter, a philosophy he was convinced could then result in the articulation of an external element; in other words, a house. But not a house that would be a blind acceptance of certain traditional theories of heat and light and protection from wind and rain. He didn't start, either, with the idea that he wanted to build a better house or a better automobile than anyone else had designed. He thought life over, in the light of the way man has lived it in the past, and he saw that the elements of shelter and transportation need recomposition, because we have not been running our houses and our automobiles at all; they have been running us. We have been forced to do too many useless things, because of them. We couldn't leave the house in winter without a lot of fuss, because the pipes would freeze; we had to put the automobile thus and so, or the police would get after us. We had to do this and that, and the life imposed on us by the mechanics of our living ran us ragged.

Living Naturally

Basically, Mr. Fuller wanted to change these things. He is not primarily a research man but simply a man who wanted to work out the simple problem of protecting life from the outside and the inside so that there would be some freedom to enjoy living. He wanted a house and an automobile that would ingratiate us with living, instead of bludgeoning us with it. It would be a radical house and a radical automobile, of course. It might, therefore, sound visionary. But that didn't worry Mr. Fuller. It is Einstein who says, "The motivation of the world is fear and longing." And Mr. Fuller believed that, if the elements of shelter and transportation were recomposed so that they complemented the development attained by mankind, then a standard of desire for such shelter would attend to the demand for production and distribution.

About the limit of the fundamental conception of an adequate house up to this time has been that a house which is clean and smells clean is all right. Patently there is something lacking in that idea. Mr. Fuller surveyed the fundamental needs of mankind, which are to eat, to sleep, and to be clean. He was interested in developing not a house to fit persons with idiosyncrasies but one to fit universal conditions. Everybody has to be protected externally in shelters from the effects of the elements — heat and cold, wind and rain — and from marauders and from individual selfishness. If the individual is surrounded by able machinery, it serves as a lubricant for intellectual growth. If he is hampered and irritated by a life spent in a clutter of complex and inept mechanics, he becomes a clod, with the eventual prospect only — and not so remote as once it was, either — of being plowed under.

Within recent years psychologists have studied the effects on the human organism of various phenomena of living. At Cornell there have been studies in the effect of sound on digestion. Societies of noise haters have sprung up here and there, trying to change great roaring urban communities into relatively hushed sanctuaries. There have been all sorts of random impulses to examine and appraise the elements which are harmful to man's growth, but little progress has been made in correlating them into a unit of living which will directly benefit the individual. We tightened up here, only to split open seams there; it made lots of pretty pictures, but half of it wouldn't work. Mr. Fuller wanted his house to work. He thought it was silly to investigate whether men prefer the color blue, and women the color red, while we do nothing about getting the light under which we pursue life from the proper direction, which is from above. By the placement of the eyelid, nature showed us about the proper use of light, but *we* had a better way: oil lamps, side lighting, what not. All about us are strewn such evidences of the pains to invent gadgets for living, and half of them instead of abetting nature have thwarted her. We have raised up a monstrosity of machinery for living, most of it out of kilter as far as efficiency is concerned, before ever we began to use it.

Assuming that everyone has a favorite place of shelter, an efficient house must function as well in Rangoon as in Alaska, without structural changes. It must be comfortable to live in with a minimum of attention and it must be disposable without much inconvenience and confusion, when it is not required any longer. The Dymaxion house will do you as well if set

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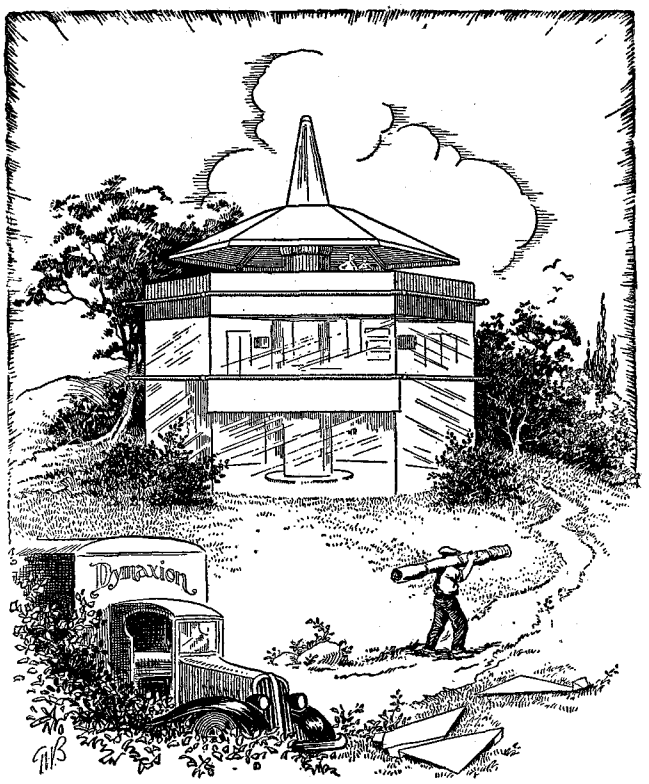
up south of the equator as near the North Pole and vice versa.

Your New House



What will it look like, this house of yours and mine? Well, to peel it down to its readiest picturization, it will have a central mast of steel. The only way in which man has actually progressed over the stone age is in the development of steels. The house, in effect, will be hung on this steel mast, so that if you had the strength, the desire, and the provocation you could whirl the house in space, and it would look like one of those Ferris-wheel things whose cars swing in wide circles, attached by cables to the top of a mast.

Light and heat elements of the house will be in the mast. Sunlight will come through a cellulose cone at the top of the house, retaining all the actual violet rays and being reflected and diffused by metallic surfaces installed at strategic points. If sunlight is reflected with a mirror, the ultraviolet rays are absorbed by the standard glass and mercury mirror and lost before you can get any value from them. Whereas polished metal surfaces will reflect the complete ray, so that in all the rooms of the house, during the daylight hours, you get as much ultraviolet-ray value as there is to be had. There is also an artificial source of sunlight in the mast, and, if the house were shuttered, there would be no appreciable difference in the intensity of the light.

There are no wet pipes and no slimy drains connected with the house to necessitate tons of water for cleansing, so there are no heavy sets of plumbing in the house. The toilet is dry and housed in a small enclosure of bakelite walls and floors. The toilet seat is part of the wall but not a fixture; rather a sculptural form, like a fountain, carved in one with the wall. Waste is automatically hermetically sealed and carried off to the sewage storage in another part of the house, by dry package. This and all other waste material, dry packaged, is converted into a methane gas which runs a combustion motor, providing the light and heat for the house, having twice the volatility of regular city gas.

In the kitchen there will be two fixtures. One will be a cabinet for receiving, cleaning, cleansing, and storing dishes and utensils. Not much water is used in the house. When dishes come from the table they are put into the cabinet; waste is blown from them after they have been inserted in slots which edge one side of the cabinet, and are shaped to receive them. As each utensil we use needs a different type of cleansing, the dishes are taken by a chain bracket down a U-shaped passage and there treated by the Dymaxion fog gun, which is loaded with 90 per cent compressed air, ten per cent atomized water, and a small amount of solvent. The kinetic energy of the air is much less than the kinetic energy of the water. We are distinctly limited in the pressures of water sprays that can be applied to cleansing delicate objects but almost not at all with compressed air. For example, neon tubes, which are very delicate, can be cleansed by such a combination, whereas they would shiver to thousands of bits under a fairly firm water spray. When the dishes have been cleansed with the combination of compressed air and atomized water, the water shuts off automatically, and they are dried. The reason the contrivance is called a fog gun is because the type of air which issues from it is very much like fog blown by a high wind across the deck of a ship, which actually cleanses the pores thoroughly and gives one a soft, clean feeling.

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Life à la Dymaxion

Likewise the fog gun is used for bathing. In the history of self-cleaning, quantities of water have always been needed and a lot of energy for scrubbing oneself and leaning over to scrub the tub out, after the festivities. In the early days of showers, too much water was used. Then the needle shower was developed, but you couldn't just pour water like a heavy rain through a needle shower, without getting hurt; similarly, if you tried to use a needle shower really economically, it pricked and hurt, due to the kinetic energy of the water. So the use of compressed air and ten per cent atomized water is a big jump forward in the matter of bathing properly and economically. It really is a fog, not wet water. It operates by means of what looks like a pistol. You squeeze the trigger to one point and get solvent — i.e., soap; a little more, and the volume of cleansing power is increased. And so on; the fog penetrates the pores much better than water ever could, and the pressure of the air gives you a massage while you are being thoroughly cleansed. To get the relaxing effect of heat you have been used to in the old type of bathing, you stand in front of a sun lamp. A pint of water will have given you an hour's bath (you don't need a tiled bathtub, because there is no surplus water to slop over the floors), and you come out of it much cleaner and less exhausted. You don't need towels, because there is nothing to dry or mop up. And, for those who think this is going to put a lot of people out of work, remember that the people who have been making your towels will be busy making cellulose and other textiles and fabric compositions for use in making your house. They will never miss you.

The kitchen has two units: the cabinet already mentioned and a cooking unit, flanked by two tiers of shelves on which is everything you need for cooking and serving meals. Vegetables and other foods will be cooked, hermetically sealed, in partial vacuums, taking only a couple of minutes to prepare. The heat in the receptacle in which they are cooked sterilizes the foods and makes steam at a low temperature in its own vacuum; the food expands rapidly, and is cooked by its own movement, with an immediate change to a digestible texture, without any loss of juices. Nothing is added or subtracted, and the process is the opposite of the pressure-cooking idea.

Everything on the revolving shelves at the cooking unit is at hand height; the shelves all revolve, so you don't have to fish and struggle to find what you want. The whole thing is very sightly, composed of glass, monel metal, and bakelite, and your guests can sit in the kitchen while dinner is being made ready just as well as anywhere else, because there is nothing disagreeable to see.

The nearest approach to the arrangement of quarters in the house with which we are familiar is the Japanese system of screening to make rooms. A cotton production out of all imagining can be utilized in the fabrication of the houses, for all the walls are treated with fabric, and there are abundant opportunities for the manufacturer to recoup whatever market he loses by the obsolescence of sheets and towels. We shall still be able to have beautifully colored blankets, if we want them, but not because they will be necessary, as the government of the house temperature dispenses with chills and changes in atmosphere. We shall probably have beds, though we shall not need them, as the floors will be pneumatic, like a good automobile tire. They will have the texture of a football, marvelous for dancing and good for sleeping, as they are really air cushioned and covered with a leather material.

Everything becomes a part of the house. You have a few items of mobile furniture, but the chances are the piano will be part of a wall, the bedrooms will be completely isolated as to sound, and you will sleep in a tonal zero in absolute blackness. The walls of the house work on the camera-shutter system, and are made of sliding metal forms which come together; the ceilings are translucent and porous; the house is constantly filled with currents of good fresh air, from which all dirt and vagrant insects have been removed, properly humidified to a temperature which complements the 98.6 body temperature.

It is a dazzling picture. But it sounds more believable than most dazzling pictures.

"It won't foster the regimentation of mankind, will it?" we suggested, waggishly.

"Regimentation!" snorted Mr. Fuller. "Nonsense! Such housing will raise up a race of Gods!"

I shouldn't be at all surprised.

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Adventure in Finance

ANONYMOUS

"Do you think I'd take money from a woman?"

Surely you have heard those words uttered in a tone indicating that masculine self-respect has been irreparably wounded. They are likely to appear whenever there is an analysis of the bewildering affairs of modern men and women.

It is only recently that certain financial aspects of sex relationships have developed. Seduction, incompatibility, illicit love, infidelity — so much has been written on these perennial complications that it is difficult now to make an original comment. But the matter of intersexual finance is different. Now for the first time in human history thousands of women have more money than their husbands, fiancés, or "boy friends"; now for the first time the traditional circumstances of man as the owner of wealth and woman as the dependent on his bounty has been reversed in enough cases to warrant the attention of those alert to significant modifications of human relationships. In the past very few girls had occasion to worry about fortune hunters, but today many a woman is asking herself: "What will happen if I keep my job and Jack loses his?" "How will Tom feel if I get a raise before he does?" "Why shouldn't I pay the bills while Bert writes his novel?" Or, "Why shouldn't I give Bill the year of postgraduate study he wants so badly?"

No woman can answer these questions in advance for herself or another, because the replies must grow out of experience, and experiences are never identical. Nor, perhaps, can she be certain she knows the whole answer, even though the evidence seem to be all in and the incident closed, for the violation of such a deeply rooted convention as that of the financial relationship between a man and woman may have its aftermath years later. Yet this change in economic conditions is of such significance to many people that all evidence concerning it may be valuable. Consequently it seems worth while to record, while they are still sharp and vivid, my impressions of a five-year adventure in intersexual finance.

Investing in a Fiancé

Looking back, I am amazed when I realize how little thought we gave to a decision that was certain to be momentous to us no matter what the result. The antecedent circumstances were simple enough. At 23, I was teaching in a small Middle Western high school and going out, at first occasionally, then frequently, with Bill, who was the science teacher. He told me often how much he wanted to study medicine. It was evidently no casual fancy but an old and tormenting dream born of scientific interests, affection for people, and, above all, devotion to the family doctor who had dosed him with ambition as he dosed him with caster oil and pills.

In the spring of 1932, however, the prospects of Bill's becoming a doctor were poor. He had little money of his own, because he had paid off debts incurred in college; and his people, once fairly prosperous farmers, were just barely able to maintain themselves. So we both went to summer school, I to work for an M.A. and Bill to study more chemistry. Before the summer was well begun, Bill and I were engaged. Ours was one of those hazy, indefinite engagements, unannounced and without definite plans. Both of us were satisfied with the situation, and, although we occasionally talked of immediate marriage, neither of us wanted it. I had never planned to marry before I should be about 30. I had a better position that I was eager to try, I wanted to get my degree, and I was not enthusiastic about domesticity on a Midwestern schoolteacher's salary. Bill was far too conscious of the effect matrimony would probably have on his medical hopes to press the matter very ardently. So in the fall

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he returned to the town in which we had met, and I went to my new position in my home-town high school.

During the next winter we saw each other every two or three weeks, but I do not recall that we discussed medical school at all. The plans, however, must have been forming in my mind, because in the spring I told my mother that we were not going to be married and that I thought Bill would start his medical course the next fall. But that summer when we were at the University again, propinquity made our situation far less satisfactory than heretofore. Bill, feeling that since a medical course was out of the question there was no reason for delaying marriage, began to talk about an early wedding. I, on the other hand, was no more ready for matrimony than I had been the summer before and I was increasingly sure that Bill would always be something of a blighted soul if his ambition died unrealized.

The way out was so simple that I spent scarcely any time thinking about it. By helping him financially, I could still have a few more years of maidenhood (and how tedious they have been!) without sacrificing my future matrimonial prospects and at the same time I could play the role of benefactor. One July night while we were strolling near the campus and he was speaking of a chap about his age who had just been accepted for the fall class in the medical school, I told him that if he could get into the same class I'd lend him as much money as I could. We talked in a general way about the amount he would need and the amount I could let him have. The irreducible difference between the two sums was so discouraging that we dropped the subject. But a few nights later he called me very excitedly. Could he come over at once? I must help him decide something. Fifteen minutes later the decision was made. He could have a job as a waiter in the university hospital and so earn his meals. If he wanted to work for the winter, he must start tomorrow. By eliminating the cost of board, our budget could be balanced.

At the time, his ready acceptance did not surprise me. He knew my offer was made in good faith, and I understood his attitude toward partnership in marriage. I felt that he regarded me as a modern pioneer woman helping her man push through to a better financial status and the realization of his dreams. I basked in his gratitude, while protesting that it was strictly a business proposition. It was pleasant to be assured that I was the "best sport in the world."

Yesterday I received the latest report on the financial cost of my *beau geste*. $1,970 in four years. Now $1,970 may be a trifle to Doris Duke and Barbara Hutton, but to me it's a fortune. It is, in fact, approximately 40 per cent of my income during those years. Interpreted otherwise, it is the difference between being bankrupt and being comfortably, even luxuriously, solvent. For over four years I have lived on the brink of financial disaster. In that time I haven't had a dollar that wasn't spent before it was earned, and now after more than four years of hard work my sole monetary asset is a note for $2,285 (this includes interest) signed by a young man who hasn't a cent of his own or a hundred dollars' worth of property or insurance. To be perfectly honest, however, I must admit that during those years I altered my standard of living relatively little. If I had been willing to spend quite a bit less for clothes, to stop going to summer school, to see Bill only once during the winter instead of two or three times, the strain might have been lessened considerably; but I am not the stuff of which martyrs are made.

Mental Hazards

All that now is practically a thing of the past. As an intern, Bill earns his keep, and, since he has become used to getting along on very little more than that, he is almost independent of me. Consequently I am beginning to feel that one phase of our adventure is over and to ponder its results. They seem to me an interesting, sometimes contradictory, conglomeration of good and evil.

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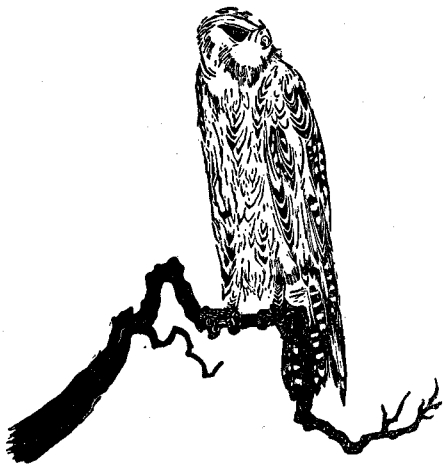
The deplorable consequences are particularly hard to define. There is, of course, the natural suspicion that I am loved for my money. Usually this doesn't bother me, partly because I have a great deal of confidence in Bill's integrity and partly because I don't think he's a good enough actor to fool me successfully for five years. But in an occasional bad moment I remember how, long before we were engaged, Bill was irritated because the girl whom he had gone with in college bought a car with the first money she earned, instead of saving it to help him through medical school, as she had once offered to do. I can't help wondering now and then if he was clever enough to study the two of us and decide that I was the better means to his end. There have been a few times when I should gladly have wiped out his indebtedness to me if so doing would have erased that memory. Lately, he hasn't written to me as often as he used to do, and there is a bitter satisfaction in saying to myself, "Well, that's natural. He doesn't need your money any more." Ordinarily, thank heaven, I can laugh at the spectacle of myself menaced by a fortune hunter.



A less important phase of the same evil consequence is the matter of other people's attitude. Having told a few friends of my "investment," I assume that practically everyone who knows us is aware of the situation. No one except my mother has disapproved openly, but occasionally I am aware of suppressed disapproval. I am always conscious that, whenever I mention anything particularly thoughtful that Bill has done for me, my listener may be commenting mentally, "Why shouldn't he? He's being well paid for it." I am mean enough to want other women to envy me Bill's love a little, but it is hard to persuade myself that anyone begrudges me my expensive young man. I noted with interest that, this summer, when I visited a cousin who had no way of knowing our financial arrangements unless I told her, I maintained a discreet silence and enjoyed thoroughly the role of beloved fiancée.

About two years ago a doctor I know was divorced from his wife, who had helped him through school years after their marriage. When I heard the comments about them, I realized that everything that happens to us in the future will be a matter of more than usual interest to our small public, because we have lived unconventionally for several years. If we are married, someone will say Bill preferred that to paying me back; if we aren't, he will be called a cad, and I a fool.

This doesn't bother me very much — just enough so that I'm determined to prove we are right. Sometimes I believe I'd marry Bill even if I hated him, rather than expose my error in judgment so conspicuously. And as for being jilted! It must be bad at best but under these circumstances it would be excruciating; I am afraid to consider the extremes to which such humiliation might drive me.

Another unfortunate result of our adventure is that I feel Bill is indebted to me. We speak of this arrangement as a business matter, and in some respects it is. I have charged him a high rate of interest, as is justified by the risk; and he has always given me promissory notes for the money. But both of us know it is far more than an ordinary commercial transaction. Not for a savings account should I have accumulated nearly $2,300 in four years. Not to buy bonds should I have lived on the edge of a financial volcano that threatened disaster in case of illness, accident, or loss of my position. Because this has been a business affair plus a great deal more, money can never wholly repay me. With the money I have loaned Bill I have given him also certain opportunities that now are gone forever. What might have been the result if I had spent my savings for a winter in New York City or a year at a university working toward a Ph.D. or for a trip to Europe this summer via the *Queen Mary?* The period from 25 to 30 is a critical one in a woman's life. With my money I gave Bill also my crucial years.

For several reasons I wish I were less conscious

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of this. Emerson said that "the expectation of gratitude is mean"; he might have said considerably more. If the gratitude is forthcoming, it is the source of the suspicion that what should be motivated by affection is really traceable to gratitude; if it is not forthcoming, it is the source of poisonous self-pity. I realize that occasionally I say and do things to Bill I should never dare if there weren't in my mind the feeling that he is so indebted to me that he cannot protest. In a happy marriage a person should earn his right to be loved every day of his life. The growing feeling that in four years I have established a life interest in Bill's affection may prove very dangerous.

Bill Grows Up

"Each man kills the thing he loves." Perhaps the most serious consequence of our adventure is the possibility that I have proved the truth of that statement. I liked Bill as he was when we first used to walk to the river together and sit on the bank, watching the geese fly south through the sunset. We had then in unusually full measure, I think, all the requirements for a successful marriage. We had similar backgrounds, comparable educations, common social and professional interests, and mutual ideals and moral standards. But with every successive signature on a check I built a barrier between us. Few medical students come home with degrees without seeming strange to the girls they left behind them. In Bill's case the change was particularly noticeable. I had foreseen that he would be different after five years in an entirely new environment, but only a major prophet could have predicted the full extent of the difference. The factors operating toward this were numerous. There was the medical school itself, training men to act the parts of gods without altering their essentially human natures. There was the medical fraternity, whose members introduced Bill to a type of social life and a standard of living with which he was utterly unfamiliar. There were professional contacts with the dregs of humanity and private associations with ultrasophisticates that gave him new approaches to morals and ethics.

As a result of these forces there are antagonisms between us now that were nonexistent before. With all respect for doctors as individuals, I dislike many things about the medical profession collectively; and these things which irritate me I look for and often find in Bill. When I hear him quote a friend who said to his son, "It's all right to study law or engineering, but if you would be an educated man you must study medicine," I concentrate on him all my resentment against the superiority complex of the medical group. Listening to him boasting that his is the "best" fraternity on the campus or discussing the relative potency of various drinks, I sigh for the democratic and moderate young man I once knew. And as I recall his amused stories of the amorous adventures of his "brothers," ranging from the harmless down to sheer debauchery, I wonder what has become of the young man who taught a Sunday-school class in a hard-shelled Baptist church in 1931. No, there is no doubt that Bill is not what he used to be. I am not so much shocked as bewildered.

But in fairness to him I must say that many of the changes are probably superficial. Essentially, I believe, he is still the sober-minded, kindly, moderate, and self-restrained person he was before he went to the University, and already there are signs that restoration to a more normal type of life will restore his former characteristics. It is only just to say also that in many ways he has improved. He is more tolerant and diplomatic, less priggish; he seems to have developed a mastery over himself and external situations that fills me with confidence.

Conquerors

These, then, are the undesirable effects of our adventure as I feel them. Or would it be more accurate to say as I fear them? It is true that they lurk in my subconscious as potential sources of trouble and that occasionally they have been the cause of desperate unhappiness. But for every uncomfortable hour they have caused me there have been a hundred happy ones derived from other sources. To discuss these requires no tortuous introspection, for they live not in the depths of my mind but on the surface. I am aware of their beneficent influence as I am aware of sunshine and good food. Prosaic as many of them are, they nourish my spirit.

There is constantly with me the satisfaction of accomplishment. I feel it as an individual; we feel it as — the only word that expresses

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the idea — a family. We are both proud that, during the years when many other people were licked before they started, Bill had the courage to give up a secure position and I to assume the financial responsibility for his adventure. The fact that ours is a joint achievement means much to us. Only a very serious breach of faith could destroy this sense of accomplishment as a wellspring of the mutual approval which is essential to a healthy companionship. I believe it will also be a challenge to further efforts. What we have done before, we can do again!

We are enormously pleased, not only because we have finished what we set out to do but also because we have done it with little friction. Despite the fact that there has never been enough money to go around, we have never quarreled seriously about it. I have been well satisfied with Bill's use of my money; more than that, I have marveled that he has made it accomplish so much. He has never tried to dictate the division of the available funds between us or criticized my few extravagances.

It might be a good thing for every prospective wife to spend a few years supporting someone else. She would learn, as I have, that the person who earns money likes to know where it goes and she would be prepared to supply information on the subject — not on demand but voluntarily, as a matter of course. Few men would care to be bothered by daily accounts, but many would be better off psychologically if they at least understood the disposal of their earnings. She would learn, as I have, that one of the most depressing experiences possible for the worker is the month-after-month anticipation of a surplus of money on the next payday, followed by the sudden realization of a shortage caused by an unexpected, not necessarily unjustified, expenditure by another person. If she cared at all for the peace of mind of her husband, she would find means to make such shocks the exception rather than the rule.

Matching Steps

Before marriage, Bill and I have found at least part of the answer to a problem many families never solve — the problem of being poor and feeling rich. The first year of our partnership, money was the center of our relationship. When we were together we talked about money; when we were apart we wrote about it. We pinched every penny until we felt sorry for ourselves. Fortunately, we recognized this as an unwholesome condition and almost by tacit agreement inaugurated a new system. During the last few years we reduced our business to a minimum, holding one "board of directors'" meeting each time we were together, or, if we did not see each other for several months, exchanging brief statements of our assets and liabilities. Otherwise money was seldom mentioned. We hope that we have acted to improve our economic status permanently, but if the future proves otherwise we are far better equipped to make the most of what we have, in both material and psychic returns, than we were five years ago.

True, the same results might have been achieved within marriage, but I doubt that they would have been accomplished as pleasantly. The fact that the money was mine put a bridle on our tongues. I could not complain, because that would have sounded ungenerous; Bill could not complain, because that would have been ungrateful. Consequently, our adjustment to a lower income has been made without the recriminations that often leave a bad aftertaste for years.

All these results seem good to me, but outweighing them in the aggregate is the single, simple fact that we are still two "who match their steps." I should hate to think that we have been held together solely by money but I should be blind if I did not recognize it as an important factor. An engagement like ours is beset on every hand with pitfalls into which either might have slipped. Having encouraged Bill to risk a great deal, I was obligated to do nothing that would force him to refuse my assistance. Bill, spending the money of a woman not even his wife, was honor bound to do nothing that would make him appear a villain and me a pitiable victim. Sordid as this may appear to the romantic mind, I am grateful for it. I prize, as millions of men and women do, those stern necessities that give us the will power to maintain the values ultimately most worth preserving. Despite anything I may have said that suggested the contrary, I believe life holds more for us together than apart. If $2,285 have chained us together, I love my chains.

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Can We Employ the 8,000,000?

A Debate

I—Scientifically, in Two Years

***by* JOHN G. JONES**

I ADMIT that it takes optimism to believe that within the next two years industry can assimilate our seven to eight million unemployed.

I have that optimism but I believe it is a 1937 brand of optimism, firmly rooted in fact and reason. The only intangible I put into it is my concept of American business character — its ability to learn and to adapt. Shall we scrap such faith in the high-powered enterprise, daring, and vigor of the American businessman? I, for one, refuse.

Only those who are closely associated with the business executives of America realize what has been going on in the last seven years — the sort of thing that doesn't get much publicity. There has been a high mortality among the kind of executive who was most criticizable for the predepression errors. Those men are out. In their places are men with steadier hands and more analytical brains, the kind of executives who virtually let science and fact and consumer need run their businesses, not arbitrary opinion and habit. They are realistic and adaptable and realize fully that America wants her businessmen to take a responsible social point of view. Good old-fashioned individualism, yes, but not at the expense of millions of workers who need jobs. Industry accepts the responsibility; the leaders have so declared publicly, and they mean it.

How is industry going to absorb our persistently large volume of unemployment? What are America's businessmen going to do with this tough problem, now that it is generally admitted that only they have capacity for the task?

First of all, industry is going to attack the problem at the choke point, which already is evident — the scarcity of skilled labor. Business is laying plans for this and is frankly putting up to labor leaders their responsibility for helping. American industry is an organization of skilled, not unskilled labor, and even as I write there is an unfulfilled need for nearly a million skilled workers. Quick factory schooling under highly modern, well-equipped teachers is the answer, and many of our young men who are now fumbling futilely at white-collar jobs are going to become skilled mechanics, because of the opportunities and the fine working conditions offered.

Second, industry is going deep into modernization of plants, 60 to 70 per cent of which are admittedly obsolete. This is going to cut costs and even cut labor — but in doing so it is going to strike a modernizing pace, a new consumption pace, made possible by new low prices and good wages, which will take up the slack as fast as it appears. The heavy industries (where is found the deepest pool of unemployment, especially of semiskilled and unskilled labor) will be the direct beneficiaries of this modernizing program.

Third, industry is going to stamp out more and more so-called child-labor and sweatshop labor, either by law or voluntarily, by industry codes. Today there are only nine children per 1,000 workers in the manufacturing industries. It is not this kind of industry which is the great child-labor employer.

Fourth, industry is looking for a good rise — at least five per cent in 1937 — in exports, and this will help much in giving employment.

Fifth, industry has widely adopted the decentralizing principle, and this makes for healthier employment conditions.

Sixth, industry is spending vast sums on re-

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search, and will spend more, confident that new goods, new industries, lower prices are possible; such new developments all tend to widen employment.

Seventh, industry is making very effective and determined efforts to reduce seasonal variation, which is a prominent cause of unemployment. The automobile industry is an outstanding example — it has now no more than an eight-per-cent seasonal drop.

Eighth, industry realizes its moral responsibility to employ workers over 40 years of age, wherever possible. President Chester of the National Association of Manufacturers has publicly committed himself on this point.

Ninth, industry is on its toes as never before, alertly studying every opportunity to push ahead, with a strong will to employ more men — proof of this being that the manufacturing industries have been the first to take up the slack. They will continue to be first, I am certain. Employment in member firms of the National Association of Manufacturers in December was 106 per cent of 1929; in all occupations 92.8 per cent. We must not forget that there are 41,000 fewer employing firms today than in 1929.

Tenth, business, in co-operation with banking and government, has now made available a much better flow of capital into industry, new and old, at lower rates. This is a strong and direct incentive to new employment.

II

I MIGHT cite other factors, but surely these are enough to indicate a factual basis for my belief that we will absorb America's employables. Even in 1929 there were nearly 2,000,000 unemployed; but I believe that our more balanced situation today will cut that in two years from today — quite certainly so if the workers respond to the plans in their behalf.

The surest road to banishing our unemployment is expansion of production. The further reduction of working hours is a fallacious philosophy, for we are now below the NRA 40-hour level, and the proposed 30-hour level cannot help. What we very greatly need is the lowest possible mass production prices, coupled with heavy production. Then we get the purchasing power to move this production into consumption and we also get plenty of employment. Dr. Moulton of the Brookings Institution believes, and so do I, that eight or nine million more workers can be used in the production of ordinary American consumer goods, even without new industries. This would definitely cancel out all our present unemployment.

We are already at a point where employment in the production of consumption goods is equal to if not ahead of 1929. In the heavy- or durable-goods field employment showed an eighteen- to 25-per-cent improvement between May, 1935, and December, 1936. This is a very satisfactory rate of growth. If it holds, it is easy to see that the unemployment pool is going to be drained very rapidly in this, the most critical of unemployment fields. Hope lies in the fact that the durable-goods field uses a larger proportion of semiskilled and unskilled labor — the very types presenting the gravest problem.

We are now entitled to scrap 1929 as a yardstick, for the 1936 Christmas trade in many respects surpassed it, and 1929, for various technical, financial, and other reasons, is a false and even an inadequate measure for today. Even the 2,000,000 unemployed of 1929 should not be a discouraging figure, for conditions are far sounder today, on the whole. The 1936 gains in the number of employed are especially favorable, because during 1936 many part-time workers became full-time workers, and this gain does not show up in statistics of added numbers of employees. And the 1937 demands for labor will be largely for new employees, which is another reason for expecting faster progress in employment.

And, if we should begin to lift our "American" standard of living above the $2,100 per year usually cited and which many believe should be nearer $3,600, we shall in a few years consider it very quaint that in 1936 we were wondering what could be found for American labor to do.

This nation is dominated by the idea of scientific advance and vigorous, aggressive initiative. It is unthinkable that we should now cringe before the challenge of unemployment, after having been through our recent baptism of fire and finding our way out of economic paralysis. Industry, 1937 model, is chastened, rejuvenated, vigorous, and embattled before its major enemy, joblessness. By 1939 every honest, competent worker will have a job.

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II—Not by Leaving It to Industry Alone

by **J. GEORGE FREDERICK**

LET US NOT allow our consciences to be lulled to sleep by optimistic wishful thinking about those tragic 8,000,000 unemployed who, despite the fact that the depression is said to be "over," despite the almost record-breaking volume of Christmas-season business, stand like ghosts beside the feast, patiently awaiting our aid and suggestion.

Let us face the issue: *Industry will not be able to absorb them for some years to come, despite valiant promises.* The problem is beyond industry; it is — and will remain — a social, governmental problem. All the long-time trends are relatively downward in industrial employment: fewer manufacturers, more mechanization, greater output per man, fewer number of hours per week, fewer very old or very young persons employed, fewer unskilled workers.

American industry is geared for efficiency in volume of production and lowness of cost; *not* for making places for surplus workers. Efficiency of production is no respecter of jobs; it cannot take a job-making attitude without losing its efficiency. The American system is to make quantities of goods at very low prices with the fewest human hands possible, and this system is probably irreversible; we shall never go back on it, because in the main it is a good system. The best hope is to push it even faster forward, thus obtaining still cheaper unit prices, and then to meet the resulting problems with co-operative wisdom and effectiveness. To expect magical developments in the next two years, calling for employment for all, is to ignore the realistic truth about American factories: they cannot in 24 months gear up for such a volume of production, because the plants are too obsolete and purchasing power not ready. The *whole* nation must tackle this grave problem, not industry alone.

Even in 1929 industry could not absorb unemployment — there were 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 unemployed. How fantastic, then, to suppose that we could do so now, when since 1929 we have not only fewer factories, greater output per man, and many less hours of work but also a 4,434,000 increase in our army of workers — just because boys and girls do grow up and reach the age of self-support. The boy who was in knee breeches in high school in 1929 is now a full-grown man and a voter today, thinking of marriage and a family! To state it in this way illustrates the social importance of the problem.

The facts are definitely against industry's hope of ending unemployment in two years. Let us suppose that we set about in 1937 to recapture the 1929 level of employment. Because of increased production per man today it would require a twenty-per-cent increase in production over the 1929 rate (equivalent to about a 46-per-cent increase in the 1936 rate of production) in order to reach that 1929 level of only 1,500,000 unemployed. Can such a feat be accomplished in either 1937 or 1938? Ask your own common sense or ask any production engineer who knows the state of American factories and mills; he will tell you there is not the slightest chance of pushing 1936 production up 46 per cent in 1937 or 1938. The factories and mills cannot "take" it; not only is the equipment inadequate, but the skilled workers necessary are not available. It would require a great boom rate of growth, which would be dangerous, even if we could command it.

I do not mean for an instant to imply that American industry is not making rapid progress and will not give millions more employment. Of course it will; doubtless the pool of unemployed will shrink by 2,000,000 in 1937 and by an equal number in 1938; but that still leaves over 4,000,000 unemployed by 1938. Call one million of these "unemployables," if you feel cynical; but, even after this whittling down, 3,000,000 pairs of willing hands must still be disappointed.

No; American industry, with the best of intentions and the wisest of management, cannot hope before five years to solve our unemployment problem, and even such a schedule would call for most remarkable energy, co-operation, public spirit, and determination. This is, I think, a little too much to hope for. The likelihood is that we shall make valiant efforts and have moderate success but that the un-

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employment problem, as in England, will remain for many more years to plague us as a social, educational, and (alas!) probably also a political problem. We shall have, I fear, from 2,000,000 to 4,000,000 unemployed for possibly eight years to come.

II

WHY IS THERE already a serious shortage of skilled workers, while the 8,000,000 stand idly by? This shortage is stirring false hopes. If all these were skilled workers of precisely the type, number, location, and disposition that modernized industry needs, we could hope to swing into an employment and consumption paradise in perhaps five years, counting on good will, good luck, public spirit, and co-operation between government, capital, and industrial leaders. But, unfortunately, a considerable part of the huge pool of unemployed must be characterized as an almost indigestible mass, the assimilation of which is a job at which even a dictator might quail. While no exact figures are available, we know that a majority is unskilled; of doubtful age, literacy, and work capacity; scattered in location; unadaptable in temperament; and hard to handle. We are prone to view all labor as the labor cartoonists glorify it: a fine, muscular young man, technically trained and an efficient, cheerful producer. Alas, the truth is different, in an appalling number of instances.

Months since, the highly skilled, adaptable, healthy available workers have been winnowed out and put to work. Industry, in 1937, could instantly use almost 1,000,000 more of them. Many even who *were* highly skilled in 1929 are not so today; skill deteriorates from idleness, like machinery. Many other once skilled workers are now too old, and a normal replacement during these seven years was not developed. In addition, required skills have changed and shifted; a great deal of retraining even of skilled labor is necessary today.

These quickly sketched facts show what industry is up against in any effort to absorb all unemployment. It is far more wise socially, in my opinion, not to ask industry to take a paternalistic view of employment; not to expect it to assume complete responsibility for our unemployed, even if industry in its pride and jealous possessiveness offers to do so. The paternal-capitalism idea is obsolete. Like the little lady who scrupulously told the ice man that what she wanted from him was ice, so what we want from producers is products — at the lowest possible price and profit ratios, with the least financial manipulation, and at the highest possible wage rates. We should encourage industry, nay, prod it vigorously, to modernize and cut costs, even if it produces some technological unemployment.

The present grave danger is a slowing up of purchasing power due to advancing prices of

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manufactured goods. Our greatest need is for more producers who apply the Carnegie and Ford principles. If we have low prices and high wages, and alert producers who lose no time putting in new cost-saving methods (but who also lose no time passing on the savings to us), we shall do more for the patient 8,000,000 idle than if we urge industry for sweet charity's sake to make jobs and to assume paternalistic responsibilities. It is not to public advantage to ask industry to operate uneconomically. What we need from business leaders is not more sentimental humanitarianism but (to be quite blunt) *more first-class business ability*, unmixed with get-rich-quick, speculative, greedy, dishonest, and unethical complexes. We need bold modernization, farsighted planning along the proved lines of low-price technics.

There is a prevailing idea that inventors and promoters of new industries will be the saviors of the unemployed. I am skeptical. It takes considerable time to nurse a new industry into becoming a sizeable employer. I believe that first-grade, broad-guage businessmen, operating strictly businesslike policies in already developed fields which heretofore have not used low-price technics, will prove to be the greatest employers of more labor; for low prices alone will make possible the wider use of familiar comforts and semiluxuries, which constitute the "wanted" goods to the 75 per cent of American consumers still below the decent standard of "American" living.

III

NEVERTHELESS, it will not be enough to absorb our unemployment rapidly. We will need government co-operation, on a practical basis, for some years, both as a stimulator of private employment and as an emergency maker of useful public employment. The next greatest helpers will be educators and parents and young people themselves, if they will look realistically at the problem of jobs. We must stop turning out large numbers of second- and third-grade lawyers, doctors, and other professional people, white-collar folk generally, for there is no room for them at a decent income, whereas there is room for highly skilled and specialized workers of many kinds. We will need to drop the silly idea that no father is doing right by John or Nell if he doesn't furnish forth a college education. We have, incredibly, permitted the idea to circulate that you can climb to a superior social level merely by going to college and that somehow there are two classes of people with a social gulf between them — the manual worker and the white-collar worker. This idea has sidetracked millions of fine candidates for skilled-labor jobs. It has even helped make criminals out of young men who feel inferior and unsuccessful if they do manual work.

By its success at *subdivision of labor* shall we know effective modern civilization. The huge number of unemployed is a sign that we have been failing. We have too many unnecessaries and incompetents; too few of one skill, too many of another; too few here, too many there. Business can't right the situation, unaided. An effective program calls for teamwork by government, educational institutions, publicists, business, and the unemployed themselves. We shall only raise another political storm if we expect industry to do the job alone, only to have it fail.

Museum

These daggers from the Bronze Age,
— four thousand years —
rigid and harmless under a glass case,
live on, remain: both slain and slayer gone;
evidence of the thrust alone preserved,
while long and long and long the wound itself
is dust;
and no least trace now of the weaker, the bolder;
only the racial span
from the hairy hand that grasped the hilt
to the immediate white hand of the beholder.

Even now, if the bayonet, unbloodied,
— a permanent bequest —
were given its place in the museum hall,
the far future's stranger
pondering, might recall,
as he stood dazzled,
that here, in the Twentieth Century,
the spirit leaped stronger,
the race progressed.

May Lewis

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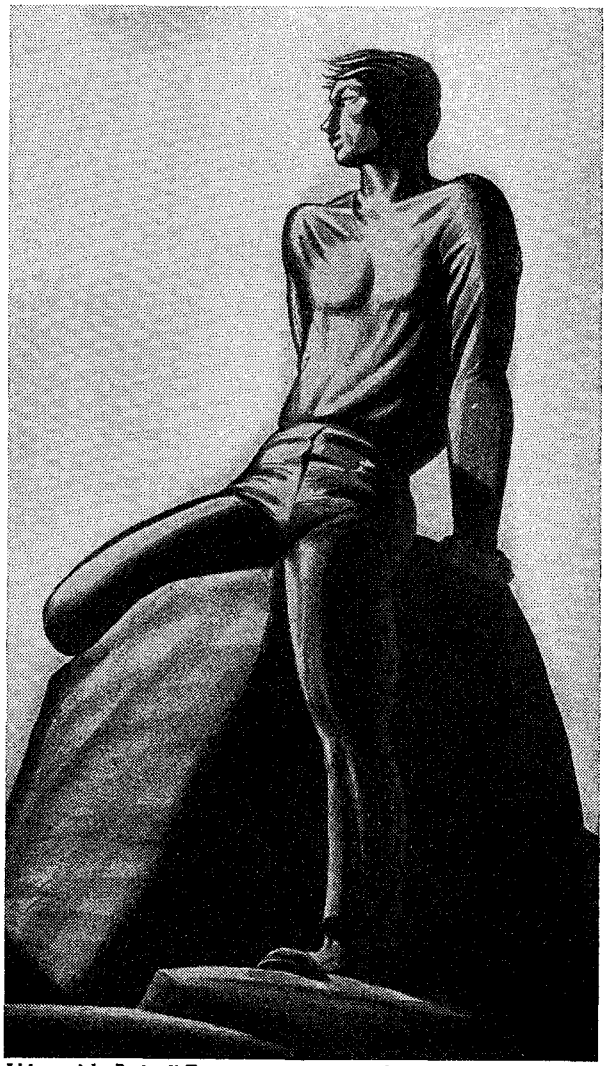
The Mental Underworld

Make Your Subconscious Mind Work for You



Lithograph by Rockwell Kent *Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery*

***by* UPTON SINCLAIR**

THE MINDS of human beings, like their bodies, appear to be products of a long evolution. Biologists tell us that they were once the minds of single cells and later of fish, reptiles, birds, and mammals; they still retain some of the features inherited from those far-off ages. One portion of our mind controls the bodily processes and appears to be automatic in its operation, not ordinarily subject to the control of our conscious mind or will. Our heart beats, our lungs take in air and throw out carbon dioxide, our blood selects what it needs from the products of digestion, our tissues select what they need from the blood. All that goes on whether we are awake or asleep, and yet the process is truly intelligent, knowing all that it needs to know.

Suppose, for example, that you have cut your finger; you do not expect to pass the rest of your days with a hole in the finger; something within you will replace muscle where muscle should be and nerve where nerve should be and

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skin to cover both. From what source does this something get knowledge? Very certainly not from your conscious mind; for, if you had to do the job consciously, you would have no idea how to start. Yet it is real knowledge; for one tissue does not automatically sort itself out from another kind; something has to recognize both kinds and put the right kind in the right spot.

When I was a student, I overworked and developed minor ailments, and when I went to the doctor he told me long names for my troubles. For example, I had "follicular tonsilitis" — this impressed me greatly. But gradually I came to realize that all the doctor had told me was that I had white spots on my tonsils, something that I had already observed in the mirror. He hadn't told me what caused those spots or how to make them go away. In time I ceased to be impressed with long names as a substitute for knowledge.

We are told that it is our "subconscious" mind which runs the machinery of the body. What do we mean by subconscious mind? The answer is that it is a name for certain things which happen and which we cannot explain. We shall use the name — but making sure that we take it as a name and don't mistake it for an explanation. We have no remotest idea how a subconscious mind can work or indeed what it can be; for to us the essence of mind is consciousness, and a mind which is not conscious is a contradiction in terms. What is a thought when we do not know we are thinking it? And how can millions of body cells be placed in an exact relationship to one another by something which does not know what it is doing? To say that we understand such things is just to fool ourselves.

Yet the "something" is there, and we can experiment with it and discover its laws. We find that it is basically the same in all human beings and yet varies with every individual. Its fundamental principles can be stated in a few sentences, yet, on the other hand, a psychologist like Morton Prince could write a large volume about one subconscious mind — or, rather, the five different minds which he discovered in one young lady of Boston and of which the young lady knew nothing until Dr. Prince explored her troubles.

A portion of our subconscious mind appears to be derived from our animal being and from the childhood of the race. It is millions of years old and yet it is young. It possesses wisdom beyond the imagining of the most learned of scientists, yet at the same time it is credulous, naïve, imaginative, excitable — all characteristics which we note in the minds of children.

Mesmer Lifts the Lid

Take the most common of experiences — those which you see in a country village when the traveling hypnotist gives his show in the "opera" house. He invites some village youth to submit himself for experiment and hypnotizes him. We don't know what hypnotism is, but it appears to be a process of concentrating the attention, by which dissociation is accomplished; perhaps this alters the flow of blood to the brain, putting the conscious mind to sleep and allowing some of the many layers of the subconscious mind to be brought to the surface. Anyhow, there is our youth, whom we all know; but he is no longer himself — he seems to have no mind of his own but believes whatever the hypnotist tells him. The hypnotist cries: "You are drowning!" — and the youth begins splashing imaginary water, making frantic efforts to get to a nonexistent shore. The audience roars with delight to see this youth in a position so far inferior to itself.

More than this: The hypnotist gives the youth a "posthypnotic suggestion"; he tells him that after he has come out of the trance he will do this or that absurd thing — perhaps he will get down on his knees before some young man, believing him to be a beautiful young lady. Sure enough, when the youth is awakened, he looks around him bewildered and hesitates and backs and retreats but finally goes and performs the unlikely action, to the still greater glee of the audience. The youth does not know why he wants to get down on his knees before the young man; when his friends ask him afterwards, he is able to say no more than this — that he somehow thought he ought to.

A century and a half ago, a Viennese physician named Mesmer stumbled on these strange phenomena. He had the gift of "magnetic healing" and he used it and tried to find out what it was. A true scientist and high-minded person, he persuaded the French academies of science and of medicine to investigate his cures, and they reported that there was no such force, a decision which stood for 98 years and held back

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psychology in France for a long time. The scientific world was entering into an era of materialism; it was interested in things which could be weighed and measured and suspicious of everything connected with the inner life. It could not see or feel Mesmer's "magnetic fluid," and so the investigation of the subconscious mind and its powers was left to unofficial persons like Phineas P. Quimby and Mary Baker Eddy and Emile Coué. Even when great scientists like Lodge and Janet and Richet carried on such researches, official science left their work unregarded, and a great psychologist like William McDougall complained to me that 100 laboratories were endowed for physical research for every one that was set to explore the mind. Since then, McDougall has been able to get an endowment at Duke University; and I note that, when 100,000 experiments are tried and the reality of telepathy and clairvoyance is proved beyond question, there is less in the press than there would be about an aviation stunt.

The stigma of "quackery" which was put on Mesmer helps to account for the fact that the average doctor is still afraid of hypnotism, and the average scientist ignorant about it. Yet here is a field of knowledge whose importance cannot be exaggerated; by this and other methods of exploring the subconscious mind we are led to the border of new universes, as mysterious and fascinating as the heavens which we investigate with the telescope and spectroscope. The average medical man does not realize what he might do for his patients by means of the various forms of suggestion, nor does the average physicist or biologist know what has been discovered in this field.

The crucial fact is the suggestibility of our mental underworld, a fact so simple that we are afraid to believe it and ashamed to apply our knowledge. Having had practice in being laughed at, I don't mind it. I have tried some experiments myself and read a small library of books on the subject and I say with Hamlet that there are more things in the subconscious world than are dreamed of in the academies of science in France or any other land.

Self-Hypnosis

I begin with the little French pharmacist by the name of Emile Coué and the strange practice which he made popular. Ten years or so ago, Coué was the "rage"; now, apparently, he is merely a name. By speaking in his support in New York, I gave offense to our so-called intelligentsia, which has been reared on the philosophy of Haeckel and illustrates my thesis that a materialist is as dogmatic as a dervish. They all ridiculed Coué, calling him a charlatan and a mystagog — when the fact is there never was a more hard-headed practical scientist and every idea he taught was the result of his own patient experiment, superimposed on the knowledge gained by the so-called Nancy school of psychology.

Coué's effort was to find a way by which a person, using his conscious mind, could give suggestions to his own subconscious mind; and manifestly that is of great importance. If it can be done, it is a step toward self-mastery the like of which we have not hitherto conceived. What is it that makes suggestion "stick" in the subconscious? What makes it "work"? Patiently, in the manner of a true scientist, Coué set out to learn. He experimented on French peasant women who came to his shop for help. They too were patient; their time was not so valuable as that of the New York intellectuals; and, unlike those brilliant and shining persons, they did not know everything already.

Coué and others in Nancy became convinced that the subconscious is influenced not by will or intellect but by imagination. It does no good to argue with that mind — for it belongs to a more primitive order. Nor does it do any good to command it; you may insist ever so powerfully that your wound shall heal, but that doesn't make it heal. What influences the underworld of our being, according to Coué's cult, is images. Just as you influence a young child, not by commanding him to do something or yet by reasoning with him and convincing him that it is his duty to do it but by painting to him in vivid colors the charms of the desired course of action, so you impress on your subconscious mind a vivid image of the thing happening — and it begins to happen. "Except ye become as little children," said Jesus.

Sometimes there comes to us a breakdown of health, when in spite of ourselves we become as little children; and then it is fortunate for us if we have not forgotten the things appropriate to that stage. Let us be ever so proud of our intellect — a portion of our subconscious remains

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the primitive thing that evolution has made it, and on that mind we have to depend for the assimilating of our food, the making of new blood, the repair of tissues — yes, even the mighty cortex, which has explored all the secrets of the universe but does not know how to build a single cell of its own tissue.

Sorcery and Medicine

My wife was raised in Mississippi, a region where there were nine negroes to one white; so she came to know the primitive mind. Here is one of the stories she tells me, a familiar happening of her childhood. One of her eight brothers and sisters or one of the numerous cousins or neighbors would develop warts. Now what is a wart, and why does it suddenly appear and as suddenly go? The most learned scientist in the world does not know this. But the African savages had a lore which they had gained, and some old nurse taught it to my wife's mother. She would solemnly swear the afflicted child to secrecy and then go through a lot of mumbo jumbo, repeating magic formulas, pricking the warts with a pin, and telling the child to go out and bury the pin in the dark of the moon. Next day the warts would be gone; and, if you don't believe it, it is your hard luck, because it means that you have to keep your warts.

Writing on these dangerous subjects I have to be careful; so I specify: I do not believe in African sorcery and do not advocate its practice. But the African savage believes in sorcery and so, when the sorcerer puts a "spell" on him, he dies of terror. The children in Mississippi believed, and so their warts went away. It happens that warts are easily influenced by suggestion and frequently disappear overnight as mysteriously as they have come.

But, on the other hand, they may last indefinitely and cause extreme discomfort. A few years ago I developed one on the sole of my foot, and it was so painful that I was compelled to go on crutches. Not being a child, I could not affect it by suggestion. I had to have it cut out, and, counting the time before the doctors found out what it was and the time they took to heal it wrong, I was hobbling about for three or four months. If in that time I had become a believer in African sorcery, I should only have been repeating what happens to many victims of medical inadequacy.

A friend who disapproves the pragmatic philosophy asks me on what basis I reject African sorcery. According to that philosophy, if it works it must be the truth. I answer that if it had worked in a sufficient number of cases there would never have been any modern medical science; mankind would have used African sorcery as a matter of course. The reason it has been rejected is that something else has been found to work better.

But the question is: does African sorcery *ever* work and if so how and why? If it ever works, there is a law involved, and we need to understand that law. It might be one of the most important in the world; it might be a secret that would make modern medicine far more effective than it is now. We cannot tell, until we know.

At the outset of this difficult argument, do me the honor to get one point clear. Tens of thousands of research workers are busy in laboratories, discovering the laws of our physical being. Like all other civilized men, I share in the benefits of their labors and honor them and am grateful to them. Nothing that I have said or shall say is ever to be taken as weakening that gratitude and appreciation. But I say that there is another field of knowledge of equal and possibly of greater importance — that of the mind and soul. I say that there should be tens of thousands of scientists working in this field also, patiently collecting facts, measuring and comparing them and seeking the laws which govern these events.

You will find me discussing ideas which you have been taught to consider delusions and superstitions. Physical science and materialistic philosophy have cast them out. It so happens that I have looked into them and decided that they have a basis of reality, and I am saying so. That does not mean that I want science to be neglected or abandoned in favor of superstition; it means just the opposite — and I want the methods of science applied to the study of superstitions. Are there really such powers as telepathy and clairvoyance, prophecy, fortune-telling, faith healing? Are there really such beings as spirits or witches or demons? If not, what is it that caused belief in these things to arise in every tribe of men throughout the whole of history and to survive among great numbers of educated people in spite of all ridicule?

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With this explanation, let us return to the little French apothecary who was called a charlatan and a mystagog, although in reality he was a most honest and kindly man and a most careful experimenter.

The Coué Cure

Coué's doctrine can be set forth briefly. The mind can hold only one thought at a time, and, in order to make a suggestion "stick," it must be kept constantly in the mind. You don't have to go into detail as to the bodily changes you desire, for the subconscious mind knows all about healings; what you have to give is the impulse. So you sit quietly and repeat to yourself over and over a formula of health and well-being: "Day by day in every way I am getting better and better." In the effort to keep that as the one object of the attention, Coué frequently advised what he called the "gabble," that is, saying the formula over and over as fast as possible, so fast that all the faculties are occupied with getting it said.

It is hard for an intelligent man to believe such a procedure can do any good. That is why it is easier to help the French peasant woman or the child. But among Coué's friends in New York I met a British army officer, an educated gentleman who had been a victim of shell shock in the World War. For several years his legs had been completely paralyzed, and he had been taken about in a wheelchair. He had met Coué and now he was walking freely and came out upon the platform and told the audience about his experience.

Shell shock is not an organic disease, the medical man will say. As a matter of fact, it is often hard to draw the line between organic and functional disorders. Dr. George W. Crile, who is one of our greatest surgeons, declares that many goiters are preceded by fear and become organic later. He says that such sufferers often die because of their fear of the anesthetic or the operation and he has devised an elaborate technique of getting them used to "fictitious anesthetics," so they won't know when they are getting the real one and when they are going to have the operation. "Perfect love casteth out fear," and so, it appears, does perfect surgery! Dr. Crile tells us that by this technique he has reduced the mortality rate from five to one.

I shall give you a case of an organic disease about which there can be no dispute. Varicose veins are something you can look at and handle; they look purple and ugly and they feel hard; and nobody can doubt that they are there. Can such things be cured by suggestion?

It happens that my wife is a nervous and highly organized woman, and was not born to hardship. She has taken with desperate intensity her husband's career as political agitator and advocate of unpopular causes. She has tried to help him; she has done with grim determination things which filled her soul with terror; and many times she has brought herself to the edge of mental and physical exhaustion. She was on her feet day and night for years and in the end found herself unable to walk without intense pain. She consulted a surgeon — in order that there may be no question as to the verdict, I identify him as Fitch Mattison, since deceased, president of the Los Angeles Medical Society, head surgeon of the Pasadena Hospital, an army surgeon during the War — no one in California was more highly thought of or more competent. He told my wife that she had a severe case of varicose veins; he showed them to us and explained to us just what they were and why they could not be cured. An operation would be useless; he advised my wife to wear rubber stockings, which would reduce the pain, and to use a wheel chair.

That, of course, was not cheerful news for a woman of active and impatient temperament. It so happened that just at this time I came upon a French book in which Coué's ideas were explained; I told my wife about them and then left her, having to go east to get material for a book. I was gone a couple of months; and during that period my wife, being desperate, shut herself up in her room and went to work at the Coué technique. When I came back I found her attending to her duties as usual; the swelling and pain were gone. Ten years later I was able to prove that the cure was permanent; my wife was examined by another surgeon — one who specializes in circulatory troubles and is said to have saved more human feet than any other man in America. This man told her that she had a few slight traces of varicose veins in the ankles but nothing worth mentioning; for practical purposes her circulation was "normal for a woman of her age."

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Now of course you can say that her legs would have got well anyway; you can always say that and, by saying it, make it impossible to gain knowledge about health. I could say it about anything that any doctor ever did but I don't say it because I am no bigot. I know that the doctors have found out how to cure some diseases — malaria, diphtheria, syphilis; on the other hand, I say that their ignorance of and indifference to the whole subject of the effect of the mind on the body is one of the tragedies of our age. They are paying heavily for it, both in money and in public esteem, for the sick person will go just so often to the doctor, and after that he is ready to try Christian Science or New Thought — anything which holds out a chance. When the sick find they do get help that way, they are through with the doctors forever.

The Neglected Mind

The purpose of this article is to tell my materialist friends, who include some doctors, that I have got help from mental treatment and have seen others get it. There are laws here just as real as those which apply when the surgeon cuts out diseased tissue or sets a broken bone. Those laws can be studied, and the knowledge can be applied; we are not bodies alone, any more than we are minds alone, but a combination of minds and bodies, inseparably bound together and interacting at every moment of life. By understanding both, we can accomplish things we cannot even imagine if we persist in believing in only one.

After a lifetime's experience with the best doctors in New York and California, I report that as a rule they are kind and earnest and overworked men who have learned a lot of details about the body and very little about the mind. My wife and I talk to them about it; they are interested and admit the truth but plead that they have so much to do they find it hard to keep up with progress in even their own specialties. In the few cases where they borrow some book on mental healing and make timid efforts to broach the subject to their patients, they ask us not to say anything about it, because, if their colleagues found out, it would "queer" their reputations.

My friend William McDougall, a great psychologist, read this manuscript and gives it his approval but expresses the opinion that "the rapid passing of Coué's vogue indicated some radical defect." It was so. I don't want anyone to get the idea that I am a disciple of any school or cult; I am one who tries experiments and reports what he has observed. I was never able to cure my own headaches by Coué's method; after 30 years of seeking a cure for them I have apparently found help from an endocrinologist. But I think it worth noting in the case of Coué that his personal skill and enthusiasm may have generated the faith which cured and that his method may succeed again when some man believes in it enough to persuade others to believe in it. Like many other forms of mental healing, it suffers under the handicap that it is a bore; and people won't stick to it unless they are desperate or unless someone with enthusiasm makes it into a game.

In an early issue: "Spontaneity Theater"

Street Mirage

Musing that we by chance might meet,
I thought I saw you on the street;
It was like music and like death —
The quick, sharp, short, intaken breath,
And all around me clamor ringing,
And clear in memory, like singing,
Your name, and then the street grew still
And splendid, like a miracle.

Charles Norman

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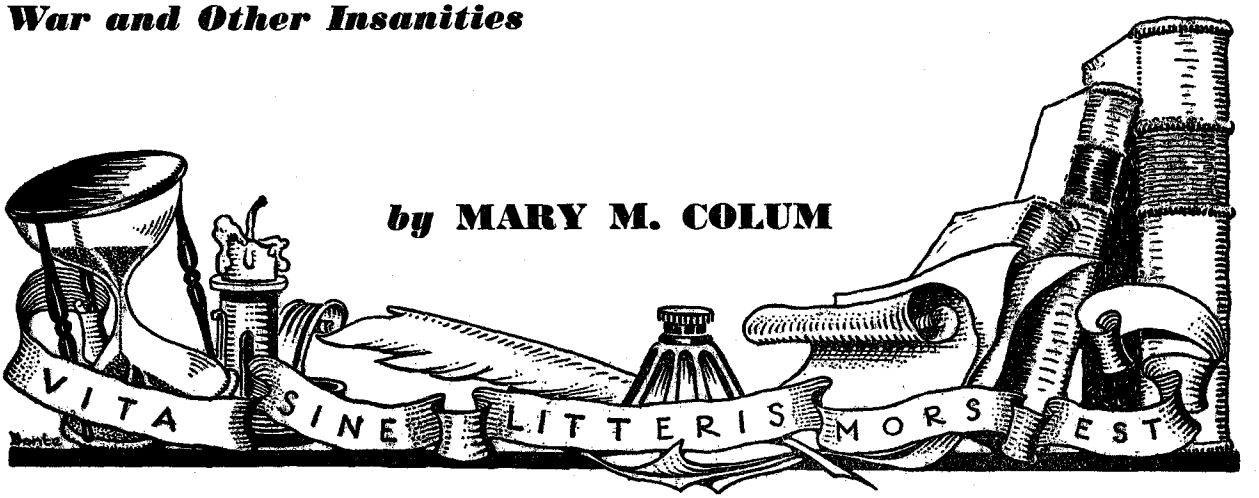
Life and Literature*

War and Other Insanities



by **MARY M. COLUM**

"All things are tolerable except lack of bread," runs a Spanish saying. But there are a few other things in life that, for long spaces, anyhow, if not all the time, can make existence more intolerable. One is war, another is insanity. Now both of these are beginning to enter literature as subjects in a special way. War, which a few years ago was treated from the side of only the combatant, is now being treated from the side of the civilian population, and this really brings about a new attitude toward it, a new temper and a new loathing. Parallel to this treatment of war is the treatment of pathological mentalities: they are being presented not so much as studies in themselves but for their devastating effect on the people with whom they come in contact. These twin scourges of humanity are now being written about with a detachment that reveals all the innate disaster that goes with them.

A more detached war book than Maxence van der Meersch's *Invasion* has not been written; in it nobody and nothing is blamed; there is an uncontrollable series of events beneath which individuals are powerless, morally as well as physically. None of the familiar war books have it in them to arouse such a loathing for war as this direct, unbiased, voluminous, and detailed narrative, in which war appears as a plague affecting whole populations, erasing the life that men have spent ages in building up for themselves. *Shining Scabbard*, by R. C. Hutchinson, deals with insanity as well as war in the same unbiased way. After reading these two books one wonders how anybody could be sentimental about war, as most people were twenty years ago, or sentimental about pathological and neurotic conditions of mind, as they continue to be today.

Not so long ago a well-known New York neurologist, while announcing that little was understood about the two most prevalent forms of insanity — the manic-depressive type and schizophrenia (dementia praecox) — made the statement that, if the Nazi project for sterilization of the victims of these diseases were put in effect generally, the world might be happier for the next hundred years but Babbittry would become more and more widespread. It has always been a pursuit of a certain type of medical mind to trace a connection between genius and insanity, and there are a number of books dealing with the subject. The best-known of such books, to literary critics, anyhow, was *Degeneration*, the pseudoscientific work by Max Nordeau, which was very famous at the end of the last century, and the higher type book of Dr. Cabanis, in which a case was made for linking a whole array of great authors to some form or another of insanity.

This sort of investigation is one that fills most writers and artists with impatience and for a very sufficient reason: the solemn investigators do not try to distinguish between the sort of imagination, the sort of nervous impressionability, that goes with high talent and

* Editor's Note: — *The recent books discussed by Mrs. Colum in this article are:* Invasion, *by Maxence van der Meersch (Viking, $3.00);* Shining Scabbard, *by R. C. Hutchinson (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.75);* The Final Struggle, *by Countess Tolstoy (Oxford, $2.50);* Nijinsky's Diary, *by Romola Nijinsky (Simon & Schuster, $2.50);* The Street of the Fishing Cat, *by Jólan Földes (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50).*

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the sort that goes with mental alienation. What, for instance, is the essential difference between the imagination of an artist and the flights of imagination of a dementia-praecox case? What is the difference between the nervous excitability, the inclination to melancholy, of a Dante or a Wagner and the excitability, the melancholy, of a manic-depressive patient? It is obvious that there is a tremendous difference, and yet the public utterances of psychiatrists frequently give the impression that all of them belong to the same group of disorders.

There are, of course, in literature a few writers who are known to have had mental ailments: Cowper and John Clare and Gerard de Nerval. In the art of dancing there is Nijinsky, whose diary is amongst the volumes before me, and in painting there are a few names — van Gogh, undoubtedly. Also there have been a few writers with a touch of some nervous ailment such as epilepsy — Flaubert, for example, and Dostoevsky. But, on the whole, the histories of men of great genius reveal them as very sane persons. It may be true, as some of the nineteenth-century psychologists were fond of saying, that man is naturally mad or, as Esquirol wrote, a "nervous machine governed by mood, disposed to hallucinations, carried away by unbridled passions." In that case, we shall say that on the whole the least mad, the least disposed to hallucinations, are men of genius because of their mental discipline.

Tolstoy and the End of an Epoch

The first of the books I shall deal with is *The Last Struggle*, not a novel but a diary, the last diary of Countess Tolstoy, in which is included selections from the last diary of Leo Tolstoy. These bring up again an old problem to which, maybe, there is no solution: To what extent can a busy writer live up to the principles he advocates in his work?

The diaries also raise the question whether the main cause of the difficulties between the Tolstoys was the mental and nervous trouble from which Countess Tolstoy suffered or whether the difficulties of their life together gave her the mental trouble. Her life, if we look into it, might indeed have driven any woman into a state of mental alienation. She spent most of her young life bearing children — she had twelve, of whom nine survived — teaching them, nursing them, preparing lessons for them, struggling with the management of a complicated household to which people of all sorts and conditions were constantly coming and staying on visits. For a long period she was her husband's nurse and secretary and made copies of his voluminous works. Then, toward the end, she had an unending struggle, for the control of Tolstoy's work and for the possession of his diaries, with Vladimir Chertkov, a man who seems to have been as much of a neurotic as she was.

And, as if all this were not sufficient, she lived on a lonely estate with a group of people all of whom had a mania for keeping diaries and for pondering on every eddy and whirl of their minds. The diary situation was terrific. They kept public diaries for the neighbors to read, private diaries for themselves alone, intimate diaries, and diaries not so intimate. How they had time for it all is a mystery.

Leo Tolstoy died in 1910, and the date is significant, for it ended the period, temporarily or permanently, when it was still possible for a writer to cut a tremendous figure in the world. Men like Ibsen and Tolstoy were people of immense influence whose words and actions were generally front-page news. Many of my readers will recollect Tolstoy's flight from home and how it caused Europe and America to rock with excitement as few incidents outside declarations of war or military ultimatums have done. The long conflict with his wife had ended, and he at last did what he had for years wanted to do: he fled secretly.

This desire to leave home is a typical desire, for Tolstoy was one of those writers who felt most of the typical emotions and desires of men, and this was one of the things that made all he said or did of such great interest to everybody. His conflict with his wife was even a typical conflict, one that all men feel in some degree or another.

In the case of the Tolstoys we have a man of great genius who, after several casual amorous adventures, married a girl of eighteen, sixteen years his junior, to whom he felt he ought to reveal his early sex affairs. She was not of an age, in that generation, to receive the information calmly, and the shock possibly affected all her later life. "He ruined my pure young life," she wrote.

Though both highly gifted and accomplished,

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she had, like many women, no great comprehension of the commitments to life of a man of great endowments. We are all in pawn to life, as Goethe said, but Tolstoy's wife, though she may have done her best to think otherwise, thought her husband was in pawn chiefly to her and their children. Her husband wrote to her:

> The most fatal thing, for which neither you nor I are to blame, is our completely opposite conception of the meaning and purpose of life. . . . Our way of regarding property, which I consider a sin and you an indispensable condition of life. . . .

His friends thought her a materialist. In reality, she lived less on the physical plane than Tolstoy did but she was incapable of evaluating the vast spiritual and intellectual plane on which he also moved and breathed. That he wanted to give away his literary property for the use of everybody instead of giving it to her and the children she could not understand. But Tolstoy thought less of his duties to individuals, even though he were responsible for the existence of those individuals, than he thought of his duties to mankind.

Then, at close quarters, she was able to observe the hiatus that existed between the virtues he sermonized about and his practice of them. It was perhaps through mere human limitation that he never could succeed in entirely adapting his life to the convictions expressed in his writings and that the conflict between the life he lived and those convictions helped also to play havoc with his family relationships.

Convictions vs. Practice

Other people besides his wife were dubious about Tolstoy's absolute sincerity. This is illustrated in a collection of letters by Stephen MacKenna — not the novelist of that name but the strange man of genius who translated Plotinus into such beautiful and vibrating English and who for some time was a European correspondent of the *New York World*. A couple of these letters refer to a visit he made with the Irish leader Michael Davitt to interview Tolstoy on his estate. First of all, they caught sight of Tolstoy walking in the woods, dressed like a gentleman, grandly and comfortably. But, when the visitors came to the manor house, they were, after a long delay, admitted by Tolstoy himself, who had changed from his gentleman's dress and was arrayed as a muzhik. He brought them to where he had been sitting at a table, covered, peasant fashion, with a cloth foul with stains of eggs and coffee. MacKenna felt that an act had been put on for the visitors, and wrote that he never felt quite easy again about the "doctrine trumpeted forth from that stagey shrine."

Yet, if the shrine was stagey, it was partly because any human being who plays a role in the eyes of the world, even a sincere role, cannot help having about him something that is a trifle theatrical. The Tolstoyan role, adopted with much conviction, was that of a lover of mankind and especially of the common man, who in Russia was the peasant, and of the labor of the common man, in which he felt it was everybody's duty to participate. It is possible that a man of Tolstoy's convictions ought not to be in the world as a husband and father and man of property but instead in a monastery if he is ever to reconcile his way of life with his convictions.

Anyhow, balancing his convictions against his practice gives us but futile conclusions. The fact is that his ideas made such a great impression that they helped to bring about a change in the world order. People who had only the dimmest idea of his value as a literary figure knew him as a prophet, the expounder of a way of life that gripped people all over the world.

In the diary of Nijinsky, for example, note the number of times Tolstoy's name occurs, the number of times Tolstoy's most popular ideas are brought forward, as if the dancer clung to them as his sole refuge in life. It is obvious from this curious diary that the Tolstoy Nijinsky clung to, the one many of the disciples clung to, was not the artist but the father figure, the strong man with the strong and lofty mind, having as his leading idea a passion to make life more rewarding for all humanity.

Art and Mental Unbalance

Nijinsky, like the Tolstoys, had a mania for keeping a diary, in which he wrote down his opinions of those with whom he came in contact. Once the most famous of the world's dancers, now incarcerated in an asylum in Switzerland, Nijinsky wrote this particular diary after he had become a schizophrenic.

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Nijinsky, even in dementia, shows himself to be well acquainted with all the humanitarian platitudes. He loves everybody (since God is love) — all countries, all races; he loves even his wife, though to him she is obviously an inferior person who eats meat, knowing it to be bad for the soul. As for Diaghilev, he does not wish to seem inimical to him or to desire to have him prosecuted as Oscar Wilde was but he manages, just the same, to represent him as almost a demon:

> I am different from Diaghilev; I have a heart, and I work with my heart and soul and hope to develop my spirit; I am God; Nijinsky is God. . . . I love everybody; I am love. . . . I know God's wish.

Perhaps this exaggerated expression of love for humanity and for the underdog is mostly pathological. And, if this is so, maybe that suspicion of their literary and intellectual saviors which we observe in the hard-pressed and practical proletariat represents sound psychological penetration rather than ingratitude.

For people interested in the vagaries of the human mind, this diary is a remarkable record, and very interesting is the commentary on it written by Dr. Alfred Adler, the psychologist; it is indeed a loss that this commentary was not used as an introduction to the diary, for some of his observations are so widely applicable that they ought to become part of our general knowledge, as much a part of it as information on what causes indigestion.

On the other hand, some of Dr. Adler's observations are at that distance from common sense that makes the ordinary man lose his patience. For Dr. Adler, like all people committed to a theory, stretches that theory to explain too much. He, as the discoverer of the "inferiority complex," differs from Freud and Jung in that he holds the conviction that it is the "will to power" that dominates life. His own psychological method, as distinct from Freud's psychoanalysis and Jung's analytical psychology, he calls individual psychology and he does not mind informing us about it:

> [Individual psychology] can improve and cure more cases than was previously possible, not to mention numerous incidents in which prevention by correct education could have solved the problem in the first case.

But Nijinsky's diary does not, as Dr. Adler holds, "very clearly betray what he had been really striving for on this poor earth-crust." And the reader cannot see clearly "how well this attitude is expressed when the writer, in a defeated state of mind, tries to rationalize the futile dreams of his childhood." Nijinsky, he tells us, was badly adjusted for life and handicapped from childhood with extravagant expectations. But Nijinsky became, in his own profession, one of the most famous men in the world, and his most extravagant expectations were pretty well realized. One cannot help getting the impression from the diary that it was his success and fame that helped to knock him off his balance. At least as many people lose their heads from succeeding beyond their expectations as from underachieving them.

But an obvious conclusion that comes to any reader from a perusal of this diary is that Nijinsky worked beyond his physical capacity; that he was subject to sexual aberrations which must have played a strong role in overthrowing his mental and physical health. The diary gives us the impression that he had not enough mental and physical strength and discipline for the difficult life he had to live.

Yet for one thing we owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Adler: He never sentimentalizes insanity or psychotic mental conditions — they are always a disaster to everyone concerned — and he makes clear, as no other psychologist has done, the basis of that pretense of devotion to all humanity that is to be noted in insane persons. His remarks on this shed a light also on such works of art and literature as have been produced by people who are or have ever been insane and which so often exhibit that characteristic and peculiar lack of emotional power side by side with high intellectual power.

The Madness Called War

However, the real lesson of these books, including the war books, could be translated into old-fashioned phraseology that would not contain a single modern psychological term. It is simply that human beings must be burdened only according to their capacity and that the good life for the bulk of people depends on well-rooted personal and social discipline.

In the striking war book, *Invasion*, this is really the underlying theme. Social discipline breaks down in a district of northern France under the German occupation, and the book

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demonstrates for us, as no other war book has really done, what enemy occupation means under conditions of modern warfare. It means, among other things, that the enemy forces can organize phases of everyday life better than the natives can. It meant here, for example, that the French learned something about scientific agriculture that they had not known before and that they learned something new about modern sanitation.

But, with the dislocation of all traditional life, almost everybody — men, women, and children; farmers, businessmen, and officials — becomes demoralized. Some of the women soon enough are ready to settle down in a sort of marital contentment with the men who attend the cows and cultivate the crops so expertly, who come home in the evening to the houses they are billeted in, take the children on their knees, and smoke a tranquil evening pipe. The ancient human emotions and desires are there, and, the lawful partners on both sides being absent, these desires turn for satisfaction to the persons in closest propinquity. There are good men in the invading army, men who look after the women and children; there are bad men in the invaded population, men who betray and profiteer — for the displacement of war turns decent men into scoundrels, decent women into sluts.

The author, Maxence van der Meersch, was only seven when the War began, eleven when it ended; and this means that the youngest participants are now giving us an interpretation of their side of the struggle. It is evident that a good part of this book springs from a child's memories or a child's impressions. The fate of the children whom the Germans transported from their own homes to an encampment makes a more poignant and unforgettable impression than any of those numerous accounts of the miseries of battlefields such as were given in *Le Feu* and *All Quiet on the Western Front*.

> [The children] dressed in loin-cloths roamed the countryside. They fought one another for food, fell in love, corrupted one another's morals with incredible rapidity, passed on their various diseases, grew foul and verminous.

In spite of the dreadful demoralization that he chronicles, the author of *Invasion* is neither disillusioned nor a pessimist, and through all the horrors a belief in humanity emerges, shedding a radiance over the story. War for him is a sort of mystery for which no one is responsible, a madness or a plague arising from bad moral conditions as the plagues of medieval times arose from bad sanitary conditions. *Invasion* is a fine, even a powerful book, not in the sense of being a fine, well-told story but powerful in the originality of its attempt to deal with war. It is the effort of a sensitive and thoughtful mind to fathom the mystery of evil, the insanity of man's inhumanity to man, of which war is only one manifestation.

The Aftermath of Madness

The same mystery and the dislocation of populations and personalities by war is the theme of *The Street of the Fishing Cat*, by Jólan Földes, an amateurish novel with an interesting milieu, which received the All Nations Prize of $19,000. It must have been the milieu and atmosphere that drew the prize, for otherwise it is a rather indifferent novel, written partly as narrative, partly as commentary, and partly as journalistic reporting.

The Street of the Fishing Cat is about a group of Hungarian, Russian, Greek, and Italian immigrants in Paris, thrown there as a result of the dislocation of war. The young persons around whose lives what story there is is woven, were, like the author of *Invasion*, children during the war years, and we get an impression of that cataclysm, not from those who fought but from those who were uprooted from their homes by it.

> When they were six their fathers went to war, and their mothers went to live with their parents . . . or . . . nursed the wounded in field-hospitals . . . or moved with their children to the sordid hotel of some little town behind the front where their husbands were in hospital . . . or into exile. This generation was born and shunted about, was born and had to flee. The ordinary changes of life which men used to call destiny no more surprised them. They do not appreciate their historical value and are not sorry for themselves.

Thus in a paragraph is the history of contemporary Europe, which is only now being expressed in literature. For the Continent knew the war as England and America did not. Countries were overrun with enemy troops. A man died in battle for his country, but when the war ended the homeland he had struggled for was part of another country. A man fought for Austria, his fatherland, and then found himself an involuntary Jugoslav or Rumanian.

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In the war-stricken countries of the Continent the schoolmaster went to the front, the schools were turned into hospitals, the children picked up what instruction they could, of any kind. Afterward, people roamed from one country to another, to wherever they could scratch up a living, and this meant that a great influx came to France.

In this book the daughter of a Hungarian washerwoman finds a job with a *grande* couturière, side by side with the daughter of an Austrian ex-nobleman and an Italian ex-cabinet minister. None of them cares about the race, or class, or stock they belonged to. We see a motley collection of European children being transformed into French citizens in the schools, as we might see a like group here being turned into American citizens. The material of this book is fresh, but the author has neither the imaginative power nor the penetration to cope with it adequately. The novel is not really any better and perhaps is not quite as good as the competing American novel in the All Nations competition, *Steps Going Down*, but its subject has more charm.

Between Two Wars

If The Street *of the Fishing Cat* was the best novel in that competition, it is a pity that the distinguished judges did not decide to withhold the full prize and give instead some sort of consolation award. They have merely crowned a work such as any observant literate person with a turn for writing might have accomplished if he had sufficiently abandoned his mind to it. But *Shining Scabbard*, by R. C. Hutchinson, is of another order altogether, a novel by a genuine writer. Here the observation is insight; here the revelation of character comes from a gift of the gods for getting into communication with life.

The theme again is dislocation by war, plus the dislocation that mental alienation can cause to everybody coming in contact with it. The story for the most part passes in a French provincial town, and is wedged in between two wars and invasions — that of 1870 and that of 1914. That an Englishman writing about France could so consistently and easily put us into communication with the life of another country, another race, with different ideals, a different outlook, is a remarkable feat.

The Colonel Severin of the book had been a young officer in the War of 1870, but his sword had been taken away from him for alleged desertion in the face of the German enemy. His rehabilitation as a man of honor becomes an *idée fixe*, and all his family — his wife, children, grandchildren — are brought into this "long, dark dream" of disgrace and rehabilitation. The ends of the earth are searched for some witness who can prove that the Colonel was not in a position to see the signal giving him instructions for holding a rise of ground. The Severin family is evoked in a manner that makes us know and understand it as we might understand the members of some strange family living next door, whose secrets propinquity and fate had forced us to share.

In the Severin stock runs a strain of insanity — not more, perhaps, than is in many people who seem normal, but it makes the Severins unable to cope with circumstances. In spite of their dignity, their old and fine tradition, there is in the Severins a helplessness, a strange nervousness, a habit of living in a dream, the sort of dream that Nijinsky lives in, that makes them all run away before difficulties.

The characters are conceived as a dramatist might conceive them — dynamic and always with an unexpected element in their make-up, something new which is revealed as we go from scene to scene, from chapter to chapter. The broken old man himself is depicted in a manner that reminds us of Ibsen's presentation of John Gabriel Brorkman. The way the Severins, father, son, and grandson, are sunk in a reverie into which reality is a harsh intrusion is presented as Ibsen presents Peer Gynt. In fact, I should hazard the guess that the novelist has soaked himself in that dramatist and in many other dramatists and that, in addition, he has learned all that modern psychology has been able to reveal about the mind — learned it not so much with deliberation but because his novelist's intuition led him that way. The bits of realistic description are not put in as if such observation represented any important revelation but are merely given the force of stage directions; and this is perhaps the best way of treating literal description in a psychological novel. In short, *Shining Scabbard* is an outstanding novel, with depth and density, and helps to convince us that the novel is not as outworn a form as publishers and critics are inclined to think.

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How to Stay Out of War—II

An Open Forum of Opinions on Keeping America Neutral

Etching & two drawings from War, *by Kerr Eby* — *Courtesy of the Yale University Press*

In the following pages we present a further collection of opinions by distinguished observers of foreign affairs, offering solution to the problem of how best to keep the United States from involvement in another world war. Last month spoke out the advocates of "mandatory" and "discretionary" neutrality. This month the groupings are:

1. Those who do not advocate neutrality if a war appears to threaten the democratic institutions of other free peoples.

2. Those who either advocate our membership in the League of Nations or believe we should, in case of war, co-operate with the League in isolating economically the "aggressor" nation or nations.

We include also a statement by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace which properly belongs with the proponents of "mandatory" neutrality. Mr. Wallace, however, accepting that course of action as virtually a policy already determined, devotes himself to domestic economic measures he believes we should take in the event of our economic isolation during a conflict.

Defend Democracy!

H. M. KALLEN

Teacher of philosophy

Just as it takes two to make a quarrel, it takes two to keep the peace. In Europe today, with Germany and Italy trying to make a quarrel and England and France trying to keep the peace, the Nazi and Fascist war-threatening powers have the upper hand over the democratic pacifist ones. They have compelled a general resumption of competitive armament and are forcing Europe toward war. I foresee this war as being started not later than September, 1938, and at any time before this date. The pretense of the last war was to "make the world safe for democracy." The pretense of the next one is to "make the world safe from communism." It is a far more hypocritical pretense, for its drive comes from the endeavor to subject the world to fascism.

How can we Americans save ourselves from being drawn into this war? How can we protect our democratic heritage and our American way of life and government.

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Certainly not by clinging to the outworn shibboleths of "neutral rights" and the "freedom of the seas" without which such "rights" are meaningless. These "rights" would have to be defended by force, impartially, against both belligerents. During the last war, it was only sympathy, combined with "war babies," that kept us from fighting England over them, and they did lead us to fight Germany. To escape the old dilemma, the government might notify would-be traders in war material — and what, during war, is not war material? — that they are trading at their own risk. Or it might declare an embargo on all trading. In either case it would be confronted, on an immensely greater scale and in a momentous way, with the same police problem that it faced during prohibition. Such a problem would have the potentialities of a civil war between government forces and privateers, smugglers, and gun runners, seeking the profits of forbidden war trade. Forthright alliance with the belligerents whose institutions and national interests are most in harmony with ours might prove a wiser choice.

Short of these extremes, what would the government need to do?

At home, it would need to nationalize all armament manufacture; it would need to establish and maintain an absolute and pitiless publicity regarding the character, motives, and methods of all public and private interests seeking to do business of any kind with the embattled powers or to direct public sympathy toward any of them; it would need to declare all such interests unfriendly to the public good.

Abroad, it would need to arrange with the separate belligerents for the peaceful settlement of disputes arising from "incidents" and teach the public to expect and insist on such settlement and gracefully to accept the indignities when such a settlement could not be negotiated. It would have to teach the American people how to be "too proud to fight," an attitude not easy to hold toward even a known inferior.

So far as I know, there exists no way to accomplish that insulation which could save America from the emotional and economic disturbances that a European war would generate, and precedent is against our devising any methods successfully to offset them. Under the circumstances, therefore, the most important thing is, while so far as possible minimizing occasions for fighting, to be prepared fully to fight.

THOMAS MIDGLEY, JR.

Industrialist

THE WAY to stay out of war is not to get in it. Passing neutrality bills in advance sounds to me very much like prohibition. You can't sweep the tide back with a whisk broom. In my own mind I am not certain that we should stay out of war. Before deciding that point I should like to know who is going to fight whom and about what. Our future existence may depend upon getting in, not staying out, after the facts are known.

D. F. FLEMING

Professor of political science

WHAT WE are now witnessing is a desperate race of the fascist powers to reach the peak of their armed strength before Britain and France can do so. The democracies have been retreating steadily for five years. Some day they will be compelled to stand their ground. When that hour comes, free men everywhere will have to choose whether they wish to live in a world in which there is no law except the will of the strongest, a world in which war is not only relegalized but enthroned as the sublime means of extending the sway of the fit peoples.

Faced with this elemental issue it is impossible to believe that any free nation anywhere will be neutral in its heart. Until the blighting hand of an all-powerful censorship fastens its hold on us also, the choice between civilization and anarchy, between liberty and despotism, between the rule of law and the rule of brute force will have to be made.

It does not follow that, as a relatively secure people, we should at once throw our full power on the side of civilization, of liberty and law. It may be that peoples less fortunately situated than ourselves can remove the cloud which hangs over the head of every citizen who still retains his freedom. If they cannot, if the struggle proves to be close and long continued, we

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shall have to decide whether the unlimited militarization of the minds and bodies of men is to triumph as the arbiter of life.

It is possible that we ought to throw all our might into the defense of American shores alone. But that is a decision of such tremendous gravity that it should be taken only after every reasonable hope of defeating the forces of world lawlessness is gone. We are told, to be sure, that the League of Nations has failed. Even if that is true it does not release us from the duties and burdens of world citizenship. The League must fail again and again. It must keep on failing until a world of highly industrialized nations which cannot live without a reasonable degree of stability has a tolerable assurance of order.

Besides, the League is buried prematurely. Its organization is not destroyed. Its laws are as needed as they were in 1918 — how much more urgently! There is strong reason to expect, too, that when the next great blow at Christian civilization is struck many nations will rally to the League as a unifying agent in their struggle against submission to the lawless rule of the new Caesars now on the march. Are we then to treat the peoples who attempt to uphold the laws against aggressive war, which we all helped to frame, exactly as we would the lawbreakers?

One principle should stand out clearly: that none of our economic strength should go to the aid of those who are the aggressors. Nor will there be any difficulty in determining who is the aggressor. If the League machinery were not already amply competent to do that, the facts of armies and armadas launched against peoples only too eager to be let alone will be sufficient.

It may not follow that we should extend economic aid, on a cash-and-carry basis, to the nations who are attempting to defend democracy and tolerance and the civilian way of life. But to harden our hearts and close our doors against these peoples is a decision of such extreme gravity and danger that it ought not to be made until the choice between that fateful step and the destruction of our own national life is crystal clear.

Co-operate!

EUGENE STALEY

Professor of economics

WHETHER we like it or not, we can be safe from war only if wars are banished from the world. The main thing we might do to this end (and which we are distinctly not doing at present) would be to co-operate with other nations toward reforming (by strengthening, not weakening) the League of Nations as the most practicable means available for building (1) a system of really effective collective security, which means ultimately an international police force, and (2) a means of substituting peaceful change for violent change in dealing with those conflicts of an economic and political sort that lead to war. The present league of states each jealous of her sovereignty must be developed into a federal world government. There is no other way to prevent war in the world and no way at all by which the United States can have any assurance that she will avoid being drawn into future major wars if they are not prevented.

In the United States, the latest popular delusion is that we can avoid being drawn into the next war by some new neutrality gadgets. When the time comes for counsels of despair, "waging neutrality" may again be our only hope — but it will probably prove a vain hope, no matter how much we sacrifice for it.

HAMILTON HOLT

College president

THE SUREST way for the United States to do her part to prevent this impending catastrophe is not to retire into pained and self-righteous neutrality — a failure to see the difference between right and wrong — but to co-operate at once with other nations to enthrone peace through justice before they all fall over the precipice.

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This means that the American people must advance far beyond President Roosevelt's "good neighbor" policy, which is quite inadequate to attain and maintain eternal peace.

An ounce of co-operation now will be worth a pound of isolated neutrality after the conflagration.

JOSEPHINE SCHAIN

Peace worker

IN ORDER to avoid being drawn in, we should act to keep the conflict from starting. As a nation we have mainly pursued a negative policy of saying we would not take part in another war. Passive resistance is not enough. What we need is a constructive policy whereby we would be working with other nations to create channels for handling difficulties that arise in the world.

I, personally, should like to see the United States join the League of Nations. With Germany out of the League and Italy sabotaging, the League is greatly handicapped; with the United States staying apart, it is seriously crippled. In crippling the League, we are, in turn, lessening our own chances of keeping out of a world conflict.

We are signatories to the Pact of Paris. We have a stake in seeing that the treaty is observed. We cannot afford to sit idly by and let others smash this great undertaking. If there is sanctity of treaty obligations then it is our duty not merely to protest but to make every effort to bring the nations back into line.

We could help materially in stating what our policy is to be toward a nation found guilty as an aggressor under international law. If nations who hold lightly their treaty obligations knew that the United States would look upon them as criminals if they committed acts of aggression, it would give definite aid to the nations who are struggling to establish the collective system. A neutrality law which treats both the aggressor and the victim on an equal basis is not worthy of the American people in the face of a movement to carry ethics into international dealings.

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Our government should take immediate steps to help to bring about a world economic conference in order to see what can be done about some of the pressing problems that are causing international irritations. We should throw our powerful influence to help straighten out the snarls in which the modern economic world has entangled itself.

One cannot watch with equanimity the onslaught being made on peace and democracy by the forces of reaction. I believe that as a nation we should lose no time in aligning ourselves with the forces striving to help both to survive.

RAY LYMAN WILBUR

University president

APPARENTLY all the efforts we have made to isolate ourselves by failing to participate officially in the co-operative efforts of the world toward peace have given us no security and no sense of security. Neutrality legislation which is now part of our program seems to me more likely to cause trouble than to prevent it. It is a poor time to try to avoid being brought into war when a war starts.

The hope that I see is in working from the standpoint of prevention of war and the promotion of understanding between and among nations. I feel that we should take an active and constructive part in the World Court, in the League of Nations, and in similar measures that will make the chances of war more remote. We cannot do this without accepting definite responsibility and joining in some form of collective security.

The idea that we can pass some special legislation that will give us insurance against war seems to me to be as futile as to make whipping boys of munitions manufacturers.

E. D. RYDER

Ranchman

FIFTY or more nations of the earth have for nearly twenty years been trying to solve the problem of world peace by acting in concert.

The United States, for no valid reason, has refused to take part in this effort and in consequence has incurred the enmity, in greater or lesser degree, of all these nations. World peace as a prerequisite calls for a spirit of friendship between all nations, including even those who are today looked on as troublemakers.

The United States, by her refusal to act with the 50 nations applying sanctions to Italy while permitting her private enterprises to supply Italy with the sinews of war, was largely responsible for the downfall of Ethiopia.

The United States should at once send a commission to Geneva, with the consent of the conferring nations, to hear the discussions looking toward strengthening or reorganizing the League and to report to Washington with recommendations.

If the commission advises membership in the League or its reorganization the government should take immediate steps to secure approval of a substantial majority of the citizens of the country (to avoid internal dissension inimical to the spirit of world peace) and then apply for and legally accept membership.

All this will take time, but the knowledge that the United States is contemplating membership in the League will inspire present members with renewed hope; may induce some nations, like Belgium or the Scandinavian countries to refrain from withdrawing, as it has been reported they may; or may influence some who have withdrawn to return. Surely it will have a steadying effect on the whole European and Asiatic situation — every nation wants the friendship of America.

Give publicity to the idea that the United States seeks membership in the League not for promoting peace by means of economic sanctions or military force but for studying the needs of all countries and attempting to adjust all grievances by methods that will promote permanent world peace. In effect, the George Lansbury plan.*

In the meantime, do *not* pass any neutrality laws that would prevent (1) sending a land, water, or air force of regulars (i.e., professional fighters) for world police duty with similar forces from other member nations or (2) repeating the united action of the nation, as in the World War, to save civilization.

Not that I think such action should be re-

*EDITOR'S NOTE: — *See "The Way to Peace," September, 1936,* FORUM.

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peated — but, if these two applications of force are made impossible by neutrality laws, the wholesome restraining fear of the military powers of the United States will be removed from any nation contemplating action in defiance of the League.

Perfect the efficiency of land, water, and air forces and take the profits of war out of the hands of all munitions makers.

Members of the aforementioned commission (and delegates to the League after membership is perfected) should be broad-minded Christian men or women — not politicians — who will not spar for benefits for the United States but will try to solve the problems of world peace.

Suggestions: Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mrs. John C. Greenway (Arizona's Congresswoman); William Scarlett, Bishop of Missouri at St. Louis; Chester Rowell; Nicholas Murray Butler.

Locking the Gate

HENRY A. WALLACE

Secretary of Agriculture

In the following statement I am writing, of course, in a personal capacity and I do not know whether these views are shared by my colleagues in this Administration. Furthermore, these personal ideas spring from my close relation with agriculture. I have seen how war distorted the farmer's judgment as to prices of his products and of his land and how, ultimately, farmers pay a larger price for war than most other groups.

Absolute avoidance of participation in a European conflict can probably not be assured, short of complete isolation from Europe in trade and finance if such a war should occur. This would call for an immediate educational effort to contrast the problems arising from participation with those arising from complete nonparticipation.

These problems could be met — but only if we were willing to accept some peacetime equivalent of wartime federal power to permit the expenditure of a small portion of the $40,000,000,000 it would cost to participate in a war. Given the requisite federal legislation, along the lines adopted for agriculture and industry in the 1933 emergency, and a five- to ten-billion-dollar fund, it would be possible (1) to offset the loss of industrial exports without creating industrial unemployment by reducing the hours of work per week; (2) to develop domestic substitutes for those products we now import from Europe; (3) to expand domestic consumption of industrial and agricultural products now exported by developing new outlets and financing distribution to the needy and to other low-income groups; (4) to organize production-control programs coupled with storage programs for such commodities as cotton and wheat, thus creating the basis for an ever normal granary and a reasonable supply of both wheat and cotton available for Europe's needs during the reconstruction period after the war; (5) to engage in other activities aimed at taking care of temporary or permanent unemployed, organizing for new occupations, and proper use of leisure.

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Light, Like the Sun

by **FRANCES NEWTON**

FATHER was 87 when he died. I do not remember my mother. Our only relatives lived in distant lands and so, at 41, I had never seen death, had never watched the ebbing of a life, knew nothing of the preparation of the dead, of funeral rites and ceremonies.

My husband's position necessitated a good deal of traveling, and, as Father — a retired educationalist — grew older, now and then when leaving for a trip I would wonder whether I should see him alive again. And I would make my husband miserable by talking of death and "what one did" when it came. "We must buy a plot for the three of us to lie in," I would say. "We will have to do it sometime. Wouldn't it be wiser to get it over with while we can still act rationally, instead of waiting to have it forced on us at a time when we will be emotionally upset?"

Over this point we always argued. My husband believed in cremation. I refused even to think of such an end. To me cremation seemed horrible. It was bad enough to die without becoming a bonfire, I thought. And I liked the idea of returning to the earth again, of enriching the soil and becoming part of nature. Such a process seemed to me an orderly, sane progression leading to a completion which cremation must utterly destroy.

Always generous toward another's point of view, my husband finally accepted mine about burial. He agreed that the three of us should be buried in the earth, that some day we two should search for a little country graveyard where we could lie side by side, somewhere high on a hilltop overlooking the city of our joys and triumphs.

But we were content with planning only. We did nothing. The depression came and brought greater responsibilities, new dependents to look after. The years following were filled with financial anxiety. Any expenditures that could be put off for another month were forgotten to parry more immediate demands. Our plan to find and buy a burial plot remained quiescent.

When I read advertisements telling of how one should plan, of how one should know in advance of the distressing problems that beset those left behind, I would worry afresh. I knew that I should have to face the issue some day but for years I could not bring myself to do more than fence with it.

II

TWO YEARS ago we moved to New York. We left Father at home in the friendly hands of an old nurse. I visited him as often as I could and found him happy and contented.

In November last I went to him for his birthday. My husband was to follow later and drive me back to New York. The week at home was a happy one, and at the end of it Father seemed more alert and active than he had in years. And then, just as I was leaving for the station to meet my husband's train, he slipped and fell.

The physician and surgeon, men in their early forties, held a consultation. Father's hip was broken. If he got well, he might be lame or an invalid for life. I gathered that they felt his chances slim and that for him, perhaps, it would be best if he slipped away. They warned me that in any case I should "make all arrangements."

At the end of the second week, my husband's business affairs were such that he could not return again for some time, and I knew as I watched Father that the time had come when I must make preparations against his inevitable death.

I discussed with my husband whether it would be well to send Father's body back to his boyhood parish, to the township to which his own father had come from Ireland in the late 1830's. We dismissed that proposal immediately. Beyond his name, there were few who

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would remember him personally, and, besides, his interests had long been divergent from those of his family.

So we took our car and started out to find a burial plot. All the country churchyards we found around B——— were full or required that only parishioners might rest in them. There were only the great city cemeteries left. Accordingly we went to the business offices of Rosemount. We were shown ground plans just as if we had come to buy a site for a house. Looking at the plans, trying to concentrate on the maze of blueprint lines and tiny figures, it seemed to me there was no room left. The young man dealing with us was sympathetic and kindly, entirely understanding of my feelings.

I wanted the top of a little knoll, with a tree nearby and room for three people. The young man suggested that we go out and look at several sites. We got into his car and drove through the cemetery, along the landscaped driveways, past unending rows of graceless, ugly blobs of stone, each a memorial to some loved one, in mass a monstrous blight on the land, a horrible desecration of the serenity and peace we imagine is in death.

It was a cold, wet, mid-December day, and through me swept a feeling of utter horror for what we were doing. There in that manufactured park, with its ghoulish artificiality, with its interminable monuments to bad taste, wealth, and social position, we were planning to place the body of a beautiful and dignified old man, who had lived generously and who had loved beauty in his time.

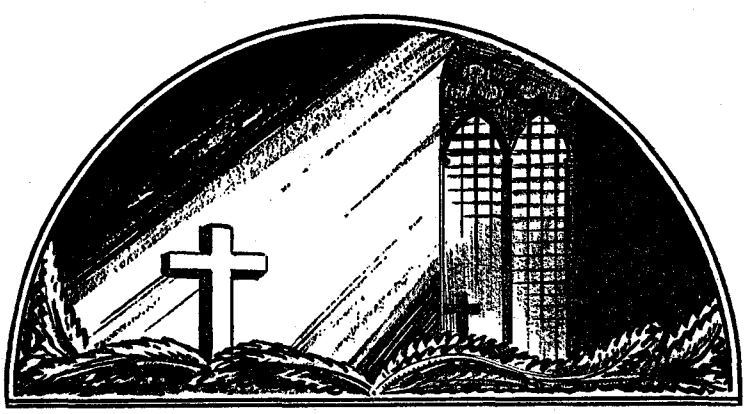
We stopped, and the young man got out. He outlined a plot for us, a small piece of ground untouched as yet in a circle of carved and ornamented stones which seemed to crowd inward as if jealous of the emptiness of this remaining patch of soil. "Is there no place where he can be alone, without being crowded like this?" I asked. The young man shook his head. "Rosemount has long been the most desirable burial ground in the city, and it is almost filled," he said.

We visited three other sites. On the way to them we passed open graves ready to receive the dead — mounds of rain-drenched earth wet and sodden on the smoke-begrimed snow, with groups of people standing by them, waiting. I felt no dignity, no kindliness, not even a sense of honest grief, nothing but successive waves of sordid and unassuageable dejection that seemed to permeate the place and lie wraithlike among the ugly stones and hover above the mouths of the open graves.

And yet I was able to realize that Rosemount was less appalling than many cemeteries I had seen. Surrounding it was a pleasant residential district. There were no railroad tracks, no factories near it, no encroaching industrial district that would some time set a final seal on its ugliness. Furthermore, it was the only cemetery I had been willing to consider.

"What do these plots cost?" I found myself asking. The young man quoted prices from $500 to $2,800, with an average of $1,000. My heart sank. I hadn't realized that it was so costly to bury one's dead. The only plot I would consider was $1,700. Single graves, however, in a long row beside a fence which skirted a dusty highway were $75. Gently, the young man reminded me that I was seeing the cemetery under the worst possible conditions, that it was very beautiful when the trees were out, that many of his old friends and associates were already lying there, that after all I should not be burying the spirit of my father but just his shell.

I made my way back to the car. Knowing



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nothing of any afterlife, the shell was what I wanted to care for. We went back to the office, the two men silently, I afraid to speak of the ugliness, the barrenness, the cost.

After a long wait, while the three of us stared down at blueprints spread out on a glass-topped counter, the young man spoke. "If I had to do what you are doing today, Mrs. Newton, I would choose cremation."

"Never," I answered.

The two stood there in silence.

I looked out at that dreadful panorama of soot-stained stones. "Tell me about it," I asked.

"I think it would be better if you went to our crematory," said the young man. "It is a very different place from this, and I think you might find there what you miss here. We have an old verger in charge, and I can make an appointment for you now."

I consented. In our own car again I turned to my husband. "It costs so much more," I said, "to bury the dead than care for the living. It's all wrong. Father would say it was wrong. While men and women are hungry, no one should pay such sums to care for the dead."

III

I WENT to the crematory. We crossed the city, drove past one of the older cemeteries. It was filled with the simpler stones of a generation which placed a higher value than our own on dignity and taste. Here, too, though, was the same crowded ground with stones almost touching. But at the gate stood a small Gothic chapel of stone, friendly and unpretentious.

An old man stopped me, explained that he was the verger in charge of both the chapel and the crematory, which were together. My husband explained briefly what had brought us there. We wanted to learn about cremation, what it was like, what actually happened.

The old verger seemed to understand. We went inside, and he closed the doors behind us. We were in a miniature Gothic church capable of holding not more than 50 people. It contained a tiny chancel and a high altar. In front of the altar lay a catafalque of dark-gray stone. There were flowers, and a lovely rose window threw warm colors on the stone floor.

"The casket is brought in and placed here on the catafalque," explained the verger. "The pallbearers stand on either side, and the usual commital service for the dead is read. At the words 'earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' the casket is sprinkled with ashes and with dust. I press this electric button, and the casket sinks a foot below the floor, leaving only the flowers showing. The priest gives the benediction, and the service is over."

"What happens when we go away?" I asked.

"Come with me, and I will show you."

We went into a small, oak-paneled vestry and down a short flight of winding stairs.

"This," he said, "is the receiving chamber."

We were directly below the chancel, in a small room, white-tiled and glistening like an operating theater and entirely bare save for the door by which we had entered and double doors in the adjoining wall. Suspended a foot below the ceiling was the catafalque we had seen above in the chancel.

"When the congregation has left the church," the verger continued, "and the doors are locked, a friend of the family accompanies me and the undertaker to this room. Here I press this lever, and the catafalque bearing the casket is lowered." He pressed a lever and the catafalque moved slowly down until it rested on a white receiving table.

"Here," went on the verger, "we remove the flowers from the casket, for they may not enter the retort. Only the flowers in the hands remain." The verger paused.

"Please go on," I said. "I must know everything. What is the retort?"

The verger opened the double doors. "The retort is in here," he said.

We passed into another vaulted room, white like the other. In the center of it was a small brick structure, with square, gilt doors. The verger opened these. An inner door was revealed. He raised it, and we looked into a long, white-tiled chamber.

The verger explained how the casket was wheeled in and lifted into the retort, the doors closed and electrically sealed against opening for a period of four hours. "The casket is never opened," he said, "and, once the doors of the retort are sealed and cremation begun, there is no way in which anyone may enter the building. Afterwards," he went on, "the ashes are gathered in the presence of the chief cemetery officials and sealed in a container to be placed either in a niche in the chapel or given to relatives to dispose of as they wish."

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I was still not satisfied. I knew what happened to a body if left to earth and nature but I did not know what happened to a body during cremation. "Does it burn?" I asked, "like a bonfire?" Cremation to me meant flames. The thought of flames touching someone I loved, charring his beauty, was insupportable.

The old man spoke. "Have you ever looked straight into the sun?"

I nodded.

"You know how bright and clear it is? A golden brightness?"

Again I nodded. "That is what surrounds and consumes the body," the old man said. "Light, like the sun."

Light, like the sun.

A sense of triumph came over me. Sunlight over Father working in his garden. Sunlight on his white head as he sat on the terrace reading. The warmth of sunlight bringing life to growing things, falling benignly on the aging.

When Father's time comes, I told my aching heart, I shall bring him here.

IV

But as we drove away from the little chapel with its quiet dignity my husband was not satisfied. "All your life you have wanted burial," he said. "You have changed too suddenly to cremation. I may have overinfluenced you."

"But you still feel the same, don't you?" I asked.

"Far more strongly than I did," he answered. "Burial in modern urban surroundings is even more barbarous than I had realized. And to me there is something monstrous about spending a couple of thousand dollars on a plot of ground and a stone when that same amount of money would provide a living memorial for your father."

I asked him what he meant.

"Cremation costs forty dollars," he went on. "Why not take the difference and establish a scholarship in his old university, some sort of a revolving fund that will be available for students who have insufficient funds to complete their courses. Your father has always believed in youth, has served youth all his life; youth has been his one consuming interest. Why should that interest cease with death? Why not create a memorial for him that will perpetuate his name as a living influence among those he always tried to help? But," he continued; "these are only my ideas, and I don't want you to accept them until you are entirely satisfied. Go to one of your father's friends. Let him advise you."

I went to the provost of Father's university.

"To me there is no question," he said. "Burial is part of an outworn social order. Today, we know that cremation is the only civilized way to dispose of the human body. Progress demands great highways. Yet in the building of such roads it is often necessary to cleave through some little country cemetery, leaving a few forlorn stones on one side of the road, a few on the other. Or, in adding a wing to a church, the workmen, when excavating, disturb a skull, a handful of bones — someone's dearly beloved sixty or a hundred years ago. To me that is real desecration. And yet it must be so; the dead cannot hold back progress. Cremation may even become obligatory. And think what all this real estate and stone masonry would mean, translated into scholarships for our university. We could take care of the brilliant youngster with fine brains and little money. The dead, then, would truly enrich the soil."

V

Father died a week later at nightfall. Death seemed a very gentle thing. There was no change in him, nothing to show one that he was not still alive except that he had simply stopped breathing.

I sat beside him for a little while. I had no worries. My plans were made. I could rest for a moment with him. I felt no grief, rather a strange sense of elation, a feeling that all was well with all of us.

The following day at high noon they carried Father away and down to the chapel of his university.

Four hours later, my husband and I entered the chapel. In a glory of sunlight and flowers, in front of the altar, lay the casket. With friends around him, the Episcopal service for the dead was read. There was no funeral music from the organ, rather the softness of old Christmas carols, no anthems, no eulogy. There was no funeral march. While they carried him out, men's voices sang *Abide with Me.*

On the drive to the crematory, we passed the cemetery, with its soot-stained stones and

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snow, its uncovered ugly clay where the earth had been freshly broken for a grave; and through me there was a great singing thankfulness that we were not to lay him there. Inside the little chapel, sunset light gleaming through the windows fell on the slow approach of the casket covered with yellow roses, daffodils, and iris. Warmth and color. Light and beauty. No cold brown clay, no stained snow, no shivering people.

"And so we commit his body. . . ."

The casket sank out of sight, but in the aperture there were flowers, vivid, gay and strong.

And so we left him. Not for me the agony of knowing that his frail body lay in cold earth. All I knew on the empty journey home was that around the gentle, kindly old man there was light, like the sun.

Some time in the autumn, a student, as yet unknown, will be called to the provost's office. There he will be told that his withdrawal from the university for lack of sufficient funds is not necessary, that funds are available. Father's memorial does not lie in a mound of earth and a large stone. To me, he has not died. For I know the fruits of his labors are being used to help students such as he was once himself. To these unknown students he is bringing light, like the sun.

A Last Word to Teachers

by **JEAN RICOCHET BOYD**

I RECEIVED a good many letters from teachers in answer to my query, "What Is a Teacher Worth?" in the December FORUM. Three fourths of them said it "took the words out of my mouth," and they "had been planning to write that article myself." (Principals and superintendents, please take notice: I doubt that you generally know what your teachers really think.) The other one fourth gave me a good panning.

These individuals wanted to know why I wrote the article. One woman wanted to know if I had some kids who were not doing well in school; another asked me if I had run for a job on the school board and been defeated. They made it a personal matter. They said I was "rationalizing my failure"; by the same identical line of reasoning (?) I could say, of course, that they were rationalizing my article.

I wrote the article for precisely three reasons, which are as follows: (1) THE FORUM pays cash money for articles, and this comes in handy around Christmas. (2) I always did like to argue and scribble, and it is lots of fun. (3) I had a vague hope that I might contribute a little something to an important, complex, and difficult situation and perhaps do a little good. If there were any other reasons, I am unaware of them. I have done so many fool things in my life that I should never get anything done if I stopped to rationalize them all. In my inner self the joke is on me, not on the schools.

When the average person says he "thinks," what he really means is that he hopes and feels. Perhaps one per cent of the "profoundest convictions" of the ordinary man is motivated by adequate information, close reasoning, and logic; the other 99 per cent are a mere reflection of his economic and social status. If one man

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attacks another's bread and butter or standing, he is an ignoramus, a liar, and a thug, even though his name may be Immanuel Kant. It is an intolerable insult to a teacher or any other average person to tell him that his life work may be puerile and useless.

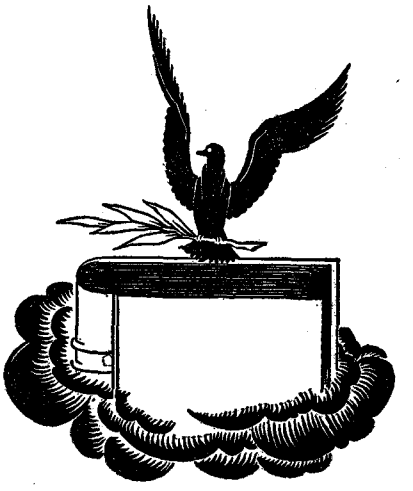
Mr. McCants, who came back at me with "What Education Is For," in the February FORUM, is a fine man, as well as a sly old chap. To call him third rate is merely to exalt third-raters. I commend him to other teachers. If I had any kids to send to school I should like to send them to him. I distinctly felt it when he hit me.

Mr. McCants feels that his training in mathematics was a prime "tool" in shaping what has obviously been a satisfactory and successful life, but I doubt it. In the first place, he modestly overlooks the fact that the average person simply cannot take a "most strenuous training in pure and applied mathematics;" in fact he cannot learn mathematics at all. The queen of the sciences does not yield to the intellectual proletariat. My math professor once told us that "calculus is the poetry of mathematics"; such a man is no ordinary man.

But even then this sort of thing is rather a special faculty and does not necessarily carry over into other matters. Some mathematicians are awful fools. The head of the mathematics department in a high school where I was teaching drew hard-earned money out of the bank and bought oil stock from a peddling promoter of oil wells that did not even exist and on the proposed sites of which he did not even have a lease! The poor fish lost every cent of his dough, of course. Where was his "expertness in perception and reasoning" in that procedure? It is well known that lightning calculators who can multiply eight figures times eight figures in their heads in a few seconds are frequently nutty and have to have somebody go around with them and take care of them.

I am rather skeptical of the "trained brain" idea; my experience has been that before a man really knows anything about a given thing he has to make actual contact with that thing or something very closely related to it. I quit teaching twenty years ago, but even at that time my impression was that "mind training" and formal discipline in this sense had been pretty well exploded. That was about the only remaining excuse they had for teaching Latin, and I notice they have about quit that. I think it is vastly more probable that my dad studied Latin and Greek *because* he was ambitious and determined, rather than the other way round.

In the case of Mr. McCants I should hazard



the guess that his high qualities came from his military training. The older I grow the more I am coming to believe that submission to discipline and, above all, self-discipline is perhaps the most valuable quality a person can possess. The ability to roll out of a warm bed at six o'clock in the morning and do it decisively and cheerfully; to keep things rigidly in order; to do the disagreeable and do it well; to carry on in difficulties; to take inevitable disappointment and punishment and like it; to say, "Yes, Sir," to destiny; to take an actual pride in being able to do things and stand up under things that would dismay and crush the ordinary weakling — these are worth more than any mere knowledge.

IS THIS EDUCATION?

A STRANGE misconception among my retorting teachers was that I advocated the abolition of all schools. Even the urbane and astute Mr. McCants falls into this error. I said nothing of the sort. I merely said that "changes are going to be made." Furthermore, I very clearly said that "reasonable and adequate *opportunity* should be provided — for those who *want* it and can take it." What could be more comprehensive than that?

"The school exists in order to pass on . . . the accumulated experience of the race," says Mr. McCants. Yes, maybe to the ten per cent but hardly to the 80 per cent, since for these

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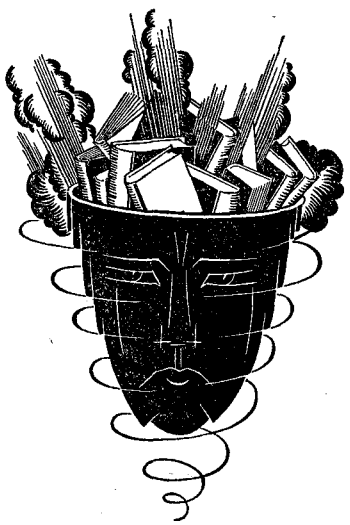
latter it has little or no meaning. In 1917–18 we drafted some 4,000,000 men, presumably our best, and the army intelligence tests showed that about half of them had a mental age of twelve years or less. I do not know what these figures mean, but there they are.

The Harvard graduates of 1911, after having 25 years in which to think it over, were asked what college had done for them. About one half said it had been virtually worthless and a waste of time. If this is true of the graduates of Harvard, what must be the ghastly truth about the graduates of ordinary high schools? And are you passing it on? Shirley Temple, Bing Crosby, Amos and Andy, Dizzy Dean — is that the accumulated experience of the race?

For years you have taught the injurious effects of alcohol and tobacco, and yet in what country is the per-capita consumption of cigarettes and hard liquor as high as here? For years you have taught physiology and hygiene, and yet no country on this earth is such a veritable paradise for chiropractors, patent medicines, goiter belts, dietary insanities, cancer cures, and every imaginable fake and fraud and swindle of the most palpable and idiotic variety. In what other country could you actually found a political party, even temporarily, on the proposition that you were going to pay every person of 60 $200 a month for life? What country on earth accords



such worship to movie cuties, baseball players, prize fighters, even gunmen and criminals, pig-pen love, and the vulgar display of mere money by rich nonentities? If this be education, make the most of it! And if this is the accumulated experience of the race as it has been passed on, then truly "the container does not necessarily partake of the qualities of the thing contained."

But it positively ought to. It seems to me that this is the very essence of education, which means leading out, not pouring into. What good is knowledge if one is not altered or affected by it, if he does not partake of it, if he cannot assimilate (make like) it? A pupil is not a jug: he is a living, pulsating organism and personality of infinite complexity. If he cannot absorb what he contains, then what is the point of containing it? Why not eat sawdust instead of bread? They both carry about the same chemical elements. No, this whole theory of trephining the skull, inserting a funnel, and pouring in miscellaneous quarts of mere knowledge ought to be ditched for good and all.

Take one calm, unbiased look at the whole crazy mess: attacking windmills, attempting the impossible; dragging people, kicking and protesting, to water and trying to make them drink; handcuffing them and ramming all sorts of junk down their throats while they gag and sputter; stuffing them with knowledge which they want to forget and instantly do forget; begging, cajoling, tempting, threatening, bullying, tricking them into taking their knowledge in sugar-coated pills so that they will not know that it is knowledge; subterfuges, strategy, planned campaigns, outlines of battle — all to get them to learn something! Why keep it up? Why not recognize it as the futility it is and try something different in the hope of better luck?

The trouble is that in the present set-up nobody in this world knows what the *effective* inducements to learn are. Nobody can even imagine what they will be like when and finally, if ever, they are discovered. We may know a few for specific and selected individuals but not for the masses, not for the 80 per cent.

Forward the Millennium

Which finally brings us to where Mr. McCants is on really solid ground. "Schools exist for the 80 per cent" — a bull's-eye. "Any child in any school . . . is taught co-operation" — another bull's-eye. "But, if a pupil knows nothing, surely it is possible to teach him something" — still another. "Specialists are out of

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place in a high school" — a devastating hit. "Perhaps he felt that his was the task of creating scientists rather than that of developing . . . the minds, morals, and manners of a group of potential men and women" — a fifteen-inch shell amidships at the waterline. Great shooting, here, old soldier! I did not know all these things when I was a teacher but I know them now. I think it is along these general lines that the schools of the future will be constructed. They might just as well get down to realities.

Even casual and tentative speculation here starts hares running in all directions.

High schools will get down to their own prime business and stop acting as mere foyers to colleges. They are now like the nurses' training schools which insist on trying to operate miniature medical colleges and to turn out half-baked doctorettes instead of sticking to their business of training nurses. Any high-school teacher found studying a college catalog will be hanged. The ten per cent, given a full and honest chance, will take care of themselves; if they cannot do it, then they don't belong to the ten per cent. Teachers will stop telling imbeciles that each one of them has an equal chance to become President of the United States or head of the Standard Oil Company.

The CCC, made universal, thoroughly reorganized, stepped up, expanded, competently run under intelligent military discipline, will be of more value than any present-day ordinary college "education." The universities will take full care of all those fit to go there and furnish an abundantly adequate supply of first-, second-, and third-rate men.

For all the rest, cold facts, bald but kindly realities, a trade, the three R's, manners, morals — and discipline.

It may be this cannot be accomplished in a mere four or five hours a day, five days a week, eight months a year. The pressure and molding may have to be more steady and continuous. Doting, stupid, and narcissist parents, unable and unwilling to maintain any discipline at home, will not be allowed to butt into the schools and destroy what is attempted there. The dignity and importance of the teacher will be stepped up to its deserved place, and there will be more male teachers.

It may be that the instruction and contact will have to be far more intimate and personal than anything now known. Formerly parents took care of this, but with the decay of the family and home life a crushing burden has been thrown on the schools. The present classroom with its drill sergeants and cheer leaders may have to be scrapped. After all, isn't it still true that "the old bull teaches the young bull how to plow" and "the old cock teaches the young cock how to crow?" Isn't the real business done when the master craftsman explains to the apprentice, when the veteran tells the recruit what it means to be a soldier, when the wise professor prods the fascinated student with questions instead of answers, when the lone father puts his hand on the shoulder of the lone son and tells him what is expected of him?

The very learning process is in a fog of obscurity; we do not even know what mind is or where it is. I once had a patient, a plumber, who had an infiltrating glioma (brain tumor). The surgeon removed the entire right half of his brain. After he recovered from the operation, he had just as good a memory and just as much sense as he ever had. "Mind" seems to reside in the glands, bone marrow, muscles, viscera, etc., as well as the brain. I sometimes think that learning is impossible apart from some sort of activity or experience. But we can pursue these numerous fleeing hares no further.

If the attempt by the present-day schools to pass on to the masses anything more than the merest rudiments of knowledge has been a failure, then have they done any better with manners and morals?

Manners? Then in what other country does one find such blatant vulgarity or such insolence and impudence on the part of kids towards their parents and elders generally?

Morals? Then in what country on this earth, civilized or uncivilized, does one find such juvenile delinquency, such utter disregard of law and order, such a sustained orgy of banditry, kidnaping, and murder? Our homicide rate is such that one has to go to medieval China or the wilds of Abyssinia to find anything even comparable to it.

Yes, I "call into question the entire educational process." Considering the incredible amount of money and of time and of labor that goes into it, we ought to have something better. Whether we will ever get it or not I do not know. That is a question which now lies in the laps of the gods, where it sleeps fitfully.

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High Trails

by **ARTHUR GUITERMAN**

In one of our more ancient villages you will be told that a wanderer in the region will sometimes find a road he has often trod suddenly becoming strange, leading him through shadowy woods that he cannot remember ever to have seen, out to a wholly unfamiliar farm and homestead. All is loveliness and peace. No one is about, yet everything is in order as if a guest were expected. The wanderer has an eerie sensation of having been in these surroundings before, though he cannot think when, and the charm of the place is so strong and personal that he knows that this is his destined home. He follows the road back to the village, resolved soon to return to the farm and to make it his own. But he will never find it again, however long he may search. For he has chanced on Witch Farm, seen by few and by no one more than once.

Most of us, I think, have Witch Farms in our lives — places that were so lovely and comforting that we never revisit them, fearing that something may have spoiled them for us and loath to mar a perfect memory. Maybe I am fortunate in having known several Witch Farms — like the island of Majorca before it was discovered by America; a nook on the Devon coast and another in the Black Forest; a pond under Mount Katahdin where the deer come out to watch the fisherman; and the turquoise gem of little Lake Odessa in Colorado. Perhaps the chief reason why I shall never revisit these Edens is that my adventurous traveling companion is pretty sure to say, "Yes, that *was* a lovely place, but think of all the world that we haven't seen!" So away we go to some distant place.

Toward the Peaks

The six leisurely weeks that we spent tramping up and down the rocky trails of Glacier Park were so perfect in their way that it seems like tempting disillusion and disappointment to try to repeat the experience. There is little protection for Beauty and Peace, and one never knows but there may be an auto road, a gasoline station, and a hot-dog stand at the North Pole.

We hadn't done much climbing for several months, so we seasoned ourselves by a few preliminary days of tramping and riding at the Glacier Park Hotel; then we gaily buckled on our favorite packs, bought several years before at Zermatt, under the white benediction of the Matterhorn, and with our fishing rods in hand we were again on the trail, footloose and free.

Our first day's march took us eleven miles over Mt. Henry to the lodges on Two Medicine Lakes, where we spent two or three days walking and fishing. Then we were off again on a short stage of seven miles to the camp at Cut Bank. Here we proved one of the many advantages of the proud pedestrian. That night it clouded over, and in the morning we remained snug and dry in a comfortable cabin until the next day dawned bright and fair.

Then we traveled north and west about fifteen miles to the horse camp at Red Eagle Lake; then to St. Mary's Lake and the chalets of Going-to-the-Sun, where we loafed, rowed, and rambled, incidentally making our first acquaintance with that jolly little bird the water ouzel. Next we were northward bound, eighteen wonderful miles over the heights of Piegan Pass and down to Many Glacier Hotel on Swift Water Lake. Here we met our trunk with needed changes of clothing and spent a week making a new excursion to different lakes and glaciers each day. After that we were off again westward, toiling up the zigzags of the Swift Current Trail to spend the night in the

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huts of Granite Park, with their splendid outlook on the white-crested range of Heaven's Peak. It was cold up there.

The next morning we were headed north again, reaching the horse camp on Flattop Mountain, now named Fifty Mountain Camp. Here, with a spyglass, we could pick out mountain goats on the surrounding hills; and in the evening the black-tailed deer came right in among the tents, seeking what they might find. A short march brought us to Goathaunt Camp on Waterton Lake, up which we went by launch to the Canadian end, where we spent a week at the Prince of Wales Hotel.

Returning to Goathaunt (with an imperial quart of whisky for emergencies), we decided to take the Belly River trip. On this route the trails were, in spots, too deep in water, and the distances between camps were too great for the pleasure of walkers; but we chose two steeds that suited us and rode to Crossley Lake Camp and the next day back to Many Glacier, returning by car to Going-to-the-Sun. The next morning we were away again through Gun Sight Pass, skirting Lake Ellen Wilson, up to the Sperry Glacier, where we spent the night in the chalet on the roof of which the white mountain goats sometimes hold their blameless dances. From here a steep descent of seven miles brought us to Lake MacDonald, and after a day or two at the hotel we walked to the railroad at Belton and were homeward bound.

Trail Neighbors

When I am off on the trail, a well-furnished pack on my back, with no urge nor obligation to be at any point at any set time yet with the assurance that there will be food and shelter at a camp that I can reach before dark, I enjoy a sense of complete and joyous freedom that nothing else can give.

Because there were just the two of us, afoot, we were always on the trail before the horseback parties could get under way and we kept our lead and had views of all the wild creatures of hill and wood that are likely to be scared off by clink of hoof and creak of saddle leather. On this expedition, while cutting across a mountainside we almost blundered into a pair of bighorn sheep and had a good look at them before they plunged away. Again, seeing a mountain grouse below our trail, I carelessly threw a stone at it and, probably because I wasn't really grouse hunting, hit the poor fowl squarely in the back; but, instead of scurrying away like a well-regulated partridge, that ridiculous bird turned a small circle, looked around in a wild and crazy fashion, emitted a few surprised and reproachful clucks, and stayed right where she was. Then I knew that she was of the species appropriately if opprobriously called fool hen — yes, you'll find her in the dictionary under that title — and it will take a better naturalist than I to tell you how her tribe survives in this predatory world.

One morning on a trail through the deep woods we came around a boulder to find ourselves face to face with a fine young buck not 30 feet away. He was magnificently antlered but wore an expression as softly innocent as that of a baby rabbit. We stood staring at each other for half a minute, but when I imprudently reached back for my camera he bounded off with a snort.

Close to Sperry Glacier we flushed a half-grown white goat who, as he leaped up the crags, retaliated by spurning down a rolling rock that would have hit me if I hadn't stepped aside.

At Goathaunt, just before we took horse, we met several amiable bears; but at Lake MacDonald we had the pleasure of attending a regular bear picnic. The hotel maintained a refuse dump back in the woods, and thither we went, hoping to find a few of the first families of the forest in quest of a snack. We were not disappointed. At least half a dozen huge bruins were lurking near. I tried to get as close to them as possible by moving forward quietly and freezing whenever, by little rumbling grunts and squeals in their throats and tummies they indicated nervousness, for the bear is a shy person. But they knew something about stalking, too; and, when Vida turned and saw a large black bear peering at her around a tree six feet behind her, she went right away from there.

From nowhere else have I returned with lovelier and more lasting memories than from the high trails of Glacier Park — memories of clear streams, foaming falls, blue lakes, upland slopes deep in plumy bear grass, snowfields with neighboring patches of brave little alpine flowers, shining glaciers, the rugged ridge of the Garden Wall, and all the glorious peaks against the sky.

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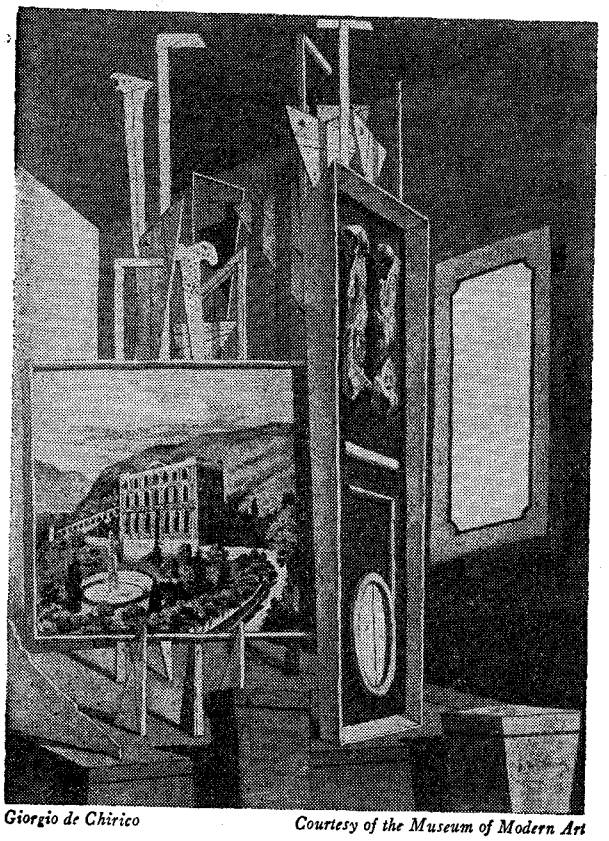
The Artist's Point of View

Surrealism, Dada, and Abstract Art



Giorgio de Chirico — *Courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art*

"INSANE," "crazy," a "pain in the neck," "communistic," "daily torment" — these and many similar outraged comments have swirled about the exhibition of surrealism, Dada, and abstract art recently closed at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City and now about to tour the country. All such comments merely mean that the good people who make them, like the carriage horses of 40 years ago, are wearing preventative blinders which cut out the aesthetic side roads of life's practical journey. But the joke is on them, because their blinders are voluntary obscurations of potential experience.

The movement called Dada, which ran from 1914 to 1921, was a deliberate appeal to the irrational and absurd, in a profound and sincere protest against the ghastly irrationalities and absurdities of war. From this primary revolt it grew in various countries of Europe into a protest against other accepted conventions, mimicking their grotesqueries with the most outlandish possible grotesqueries of its own. So to challenge accepted faiths is to contribute a refreshing and vitalizing experience which certainly should be welcome to all adventurous souls.

Surrealist art grew out of Dada and is frankly a plumbing of the mysteries of the subconscious mind. As a picturing of the irrationalities of that mind, which exist in all of us, it should be welcome as an extension of daily experience into new fields. Some of its products are private phantasy with no recognizable meaning to others. Some have social significance. Either of these classes may merely report imagined facts and so lack the essentials of the art of the picture or either may combine phantasy with the plastique of painting and so achieve the pictorial art of the ages. Chirico, one of whose paintings is shown herewith, does achieve such a synthesis, his work consequently taking its place among the significant art of our time.

Abstract art in general has a very important challenging value to our matter-of-fact habit of looking at pictures and reading in them only subject meaning.

It eliminates or distorts subject, shifting the emphasis, in the hands of a modern, design-conscious artist, to the excitements of sensing color, space, and form harmonies for their aesthetic emotional meanings. It is these excitements which we lack in "normal" living. It is the assimilation of the experiences involved which would free us from our present fears of creative doing and our pathetic, compensating escapes to the safety of worshiping, buying, and using "antique" and foreign expressions of the creative spirit of other days. It is knowing these experiences which would give us courage to be ourselves.

To decry these various challenges is to insulate oneself from life.

RALPH M. PEARSON

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The Scarlet Crab

Conclusion of a Mystery

by CLIFFORD KNIGHT

Benny Bartlett, amateur ornithologist, and his friend Huntoon Rogers sail for the Galapagos Islands on a scientific expedition aboard Carlos Lanfrey's palatial yacht, where Bartlett is promptly captivated by the staff artist, a blonde vision named Alice Wilmer. Her friend, Photographer Jack Quigley, disappears at sea after getting in a row over a dice game with members of the crew. His loss is believed an accident, although other suspicions remain. It is discovered that Quigley was the son-in-law, estranged from his wife, of Dr. and Mrs. Gorell, two misanthropic souls who have already quarreled bitterly with the naturalists French and Ardleigh. Then, on Indefatigable Island, Gorell is found dead, ostensibly from a fall on rocky ground. Also on Indefatigable is a castaway named Knutsen, whom the party returns to the settlement on Chatham Island, after which the course is set for Panama, to transship Mrs. Gorell and her husband's body. Jay Cranston, Captain Lanfrey's nephew and a constant troublemaker, is exposed trying to blackmail Mrs. Lanfrey over a supposed guilty tryst with Quigley the night of his death. Dark suspicions of foul play in the two deaths linger, and Mrs. Gorell, who appears terrified for her life, hints that the captain is a murderer. The morning after a violent storm at sea, French finds Mrs. Gorell in bed with her throat cut. A knife from the galley; a coat belonging to Starr, the steward; and the scarlet rock crab which was the ship's pet, crushed on the floor, are in her cabin. Starr and the cook deny any guilt in the crime; and, in face of the knowledge that a triple murderer is on board, the scientists determine to return to the islands to finish their work.

Drawings by Helen Damrosch Tee-Van

XXXVIII

HUNTOON ROGERS closed the stateroom door behind us, and we advanced into the room which earlier that day had held the ghastly body of Mrs. Gorell. All evidence of the murder had been removed.

"Why does one human being kill another, Benny?" asked Rogers earnestly. "What are the motives, aside from the hot blood of a quarrel or the homicidal mania of an insane person?"

"Revenge is one," I answered.

"Yes, revenge is most elemental — it's hot blood turned cold and premeditative and nursed upon a deep sense of injury."

"Both money and women — and jealousy. Hatred, I suppose, too."

"Any of the baser passions, Benny, might result in murder. Then there's the murder of necessity."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that, when one life has been taken, the slayer in order to make himself secure against detection is obliged to take the life of another one or two or three — perhaps more — who may have knowledge of his crime or strong suspicions of his guilt. Mrs. Gorell's death may have been a murder of necessity — possibly Dr. Gorell's was too —"

"Assuming that Gorell knew who killed Quigley?"

"Yes."

"I believe Gorell would have told me that day on Indefatigable if he had known."

"Perhaps."

"What do you think might be the motive in Quigley's death?"

"Just for the sake of the argument, Benny, and not because I believe it's true — for I certainly do not — but suppose Carlos had killed Quigley. Going back to Gorell's statement that Mrs. Lanfrey kept a late rendezvous with Quigley, we would have the motive — jealousy or the incensed husband or however you want to classify it. Then, on the ground that Gorell was discovered to know too much, he would have to be removed; and, further, because Mrs. Gorell so persistently stated her husband had been murdered and seemed to want to fasten the blame on Carlos, her death was inevitable. However else we may speculate about Quigley and Gorell, there's no question that Mrs. Gorell was killed because the slayer was afraid of her. A repeating killer may kill for one reason and kill again and again for still other reasons. Since he can die but once, he becomes coldly calculating, for subsequent crimes cannot increase the penalty."

"You're probably right, Hunt —"

"I'm sure I am."

"You can reason the same way by substituting Starr or Cranston for Lanfrey, except that the original crime would have a different motive. The motive would be money — passions aroused by the gambling. Cranston was the lookout that night. He might have seen Gorell wandering about at three o'clock in the morning and feared he had been seen committing the crime; or the same with Starr —"

"Of course," interrupted Rogers, "Cranston's being locked up last night takes him out of the picture."

"It does. But — let's clean up this job Lanfrey asked us to do and get out. I can think of more cheerful places to be."

There was a large amount of personal effects, all of which we went through, itemizing and packing them away in the two trunks and the three pieces of hand luggage.

"Do you believe Starr is guilty?" I asked Rogers as we worked.

"If he murdered Mrs. Gorell he is either the most stupid of killers or else a very clever one. His jacket was either left on the bed because he was too stupid to realize what he was doing, or else he left it there because he wanted us to think someone else killed Mrs. Gorrell and had endeavored to incriminate him."

"Starr is clever," I observed.

"I think so too. The knife, of course, is of no value as a clue," Rogers went on. "Even if we were qualified to deal with fingerprints, so many hands have

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touched that knife as to make it valueless — Webber's, Starr's, Lanfrey's, Ardleigh's, the second cook's, perhaps Ernest's —"

"The clues fade out," I commented. "Nothing but the dead scarlet crab."

"That's no clue at all, Benny," replied Rogers. "Presumably it followed the killer in here and got stepped on accidently."

We worked on until the clothing had been listed and packed away. There remained a notebook in which the old conchologist had taken his field notes, a small personal account book, four books of reference, and a line-a-day diary, which presumably was Mrs. Gorell's.

"How do you suppose the murderer got in last night, Benny?" Rogers asked. He put aside the diary and walked over to examine the door lock.

"Is the key there?"

"Yes." He removed it and looked at it closely. "Apparently all is as it should be. There are no bolts on these doors. I suppose anybody with a burglar's tool could turn that key from the outside."

"Of course he could. The storm last night would cover any sound he made getting in. What's Lanfrey doing about the crew, Hunt?" I asked.

"He and Getty will put them on the grill. I can't believe anybody in the crew is guilty. Always barring a homicidal maniac."

"If the Gorells had not been man and wife," I objected, "and if Quigley had not been their son-in-law, homicidal mania might be the answer. But there is that relationship, and for a homicidal maniac to kill those particular persons lies outside the laws of chance."

We started out in the direction of the bridge, when Rogers' eyes fell on the door of the stateroom opposite. He paused as if struck by a sudden thought, then rapped smartly on the panel of the door. He waited a moment, then rapped again.

There was a stir in the room, and Cranston's voice demanded: "What do you want?"

The key was in the outside of the lock; Rogers twisted it and opened the door.

Cranston, fully dressed, lay on the bed, blinking as though but aroused from sleep. He observed us sullenly until we had closed the door behind us, then he repeated: "What do you want?"

"We want to talk to you, Jay," said Rogers, sitting down near the bed.

Cranston flopped on his back and stared at the ceiling. "When do I get out of here?" he asked.

"Captain Lanfrey is your jailer."

"What do you want?"

"You knew that somebody murdered Mrs. Gorell last night —"

"Yeah."

"What do you know about it?"

"What do you expect me to know?"

"Did you hear anything in the night; any unusual sounds — screams, keys being turned in locks?"

"With all the noise the storm made?"

"Yes, in spite of that."

"No."

Rogers got up, and Cranston's dark eyes followed him as he moved about the room. He paused at the door for a moment as if interested in its hinges, then went on and made a circuit of the room and came back to Cranston's side. He stood looking down at the scowling young man.

Suddenly, almost as a snake striking, Cranston rose up in bed. "What do you want now?" he demanded insolently.

Rogers stood gazing steadily down at Cranston, then he said in a voice like flint: "You were out of this room last night. You took the pins out of those door hinges and pried the door open."

"What if I did?"

"You did, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did. I was out of this damned room last night. Now what are you going to do about it?"

XXIX

Captain Lanfrey got to his feet, towering in his tiny cabin just off the bridge. "Let's put this diary aside," he said. "I'm more interested just now in Jay Cranston. He admitted it, did he?"

"Yes," replied Rogers, rising too, "he admitted he was out of his room. Wanted to know what I was going to do about it."

"I'll show him what we're doing about it," said Lanfrey grimly. "Come on; let's have it out with him right now."

Lanfrey led the way to Cranston's stateroom. He threw the door open, and Rogers and I followed him inside. I closed the door behind us.

Cranston was sitting on the bed. He looked up sullenly. Lanfrey swept a chair toward the bed and sat down. Both Rogers and I drew up chairs. Still no one had spoken. Cranston had eyes only for the Captain. Finally he could withstand Lanfrey's scrutiny no longer and snarled: "Well, what do you want?"

"What about it?" demanded the captain.

"What about what?"

"You were out of this room last night."

"Yes, I was out."

"There was murder last night in this ship."

"You're not going to hang that on me," Cranston said quickly.

"What do you know about it?" Lanfrey asked coldly.

"Nothing. I didn't know it had happened until this morning."

"What time were you out of this room?"

"How do I know?" Cranston snarled.

Lanfrey leaped out of his chair and slapped the young man smartly across the face. Cranston instantly was raging; he lashed out at the captain with both fists. Again Lanfrey slapped him, and Cranston's antagonism melted, although his dark eyes continued to hold points of venomous fire. "Now I want the truth out of you," Lanfrey gritted. "What time were you out of this room?"

"Three o'clock."

"What did you do?"

"Got something to eat in the galley. You're not going to starve me."

"Now, what about Mrs. Gorell?" Lanfrey pursued.

"I didn't have anything to do with that." Cranston's voice was high pitched in alarm.

"Was her door open or closed?"

"Open. No, closed."

Lanfrey leaned forward menacingly. "Which was it?"

"Open," said Cranston, obviously frightened.

"What did you go in there for?"

"I didn't, I tell you. Why should I go in there?"

Rogers unexpectedly stooped and seized Cranston by the right ankle, straightening up so quickly that Cranston was thrown back on the bed. Cranston's left foot kicked viciously at Rogers. I leaped and seized it and held it, although Cranston's powerful legs threw us about smartly.

"What are you trying to do?" he demanded, lying on his back.

"See that, Carlos?" said Rogers, holding Cranston's shoe for the captain's inspection. "See it!"

"Yes."

Cranston kicked violently. "See what?" he demanded.

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Rogers signaled to drop Cranston's feet, and we let go together and leaped back while the young man's legs flailed vainly at us.

"There's nothing to see — " he began, righting himself.

"No?" said Lanfrey, renewing his menacing manner. "I'll tell you what's on the bottom of your shoe, Jay. There's a piece of red shell dried on underneath the arch. You stepped on that crab, didn't you?"

Cranston lifted his right foot to examine the telltale evidence. With his thumb nail he scraped it off, and the bit that had been part of the carapace of the scarlet crab dropped to the floor.

"You stepped on that crab in Mrs. Gorell's room," persisted the captain.

Cranston's face paled; he glanced about as if in panic. Then he faced Lanfrey and said hoarsely:

"I didn't kill her. I'll swear I didn't!"

"Go on," snapped Lanfrey.

"Well, I was hungry, see? That's why I took the door off its hinges. I went to the galley — "

"Was the galley unlocked, or did you break into it?"

"Unlocked."

"Go on."

"Well, I ate a square meal. And I smoked a couple of cigarettes."

"Then what did you do?"

"I started back to my room, and that damned crab followed me from the galley. It ran into Mrs. Gorell's room."

"Mrs. Gorell's door was open?"

"I said it was, didn't I" Cranston retorted.

"Was it open when you first got out of this room?"

"Yes."

"You didn't look in then?"

"No."

"Go on," prodded the captain.

"Well, I stopped and tried to see where the crab went. The lights were all on. Thought maybe the old lady had heard me break out, and I wanted to square her so she wouldn't tell on me. I looked in and saw her all bloody — " he winced as he recalled the sight.

"What did you do then?"

"I decided to keep still about what I'd seen. Then I remembered how Starr has given me the dirty end. I owed him something so I went back to the galley and got his jacket and cook's butcher knife. I put the jacket on the bed and smeared the knife in the blood and when I started to come away I stepped on the crab. I came back in my room and put the door on the hinges. And that's the God's truth, Uncle Carlos. I shouldn't have tried to mix Starr in it, but you know how it is when you get to hating a guy."

"Will you swear to that in court, Jay?"

"Yes, Sir." Cranston's manner had softened. He verged on the penitent.

Lanfrey observed the change, and was affected by it; his voice was less harsh when he replied. "Now, go back, Jay," he said. "Mrs. Gorell was dead when you went into her room, you say, and you returned to the galley and got the butcher knife?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Did the knife have any blood on it when you took it out of the rack?"

"No, Sir. I'd cut me a piece of ham, then wiped it and put it back in the rack. Handling it that way is why I happened to think to bring it along with the jacket."

Here was a puzzling thing. Mrs. Gorell had died from knife wounds. The knife believed to be that used by the murderer was no longer to be considered the death weapon.

"Well — Jay — Mrs. Gorell's throat was cut, wasn't it, when you saw her last night?"

"Sure," answered Cranston with a grimace.

"I don't see — the murderer must have carried away the knife he used, then. Probably threw it overboard."

"No he didn't," said Cranston.

"He didn't!"

"No, Sir. It was there on the bed — "

"Where is that knife now?"

"I've got it." Cranston went to the chiffonier. "I was going to throw it out the porthole when the waves quit washing over it."

"Good Lord, no!" said Lanfrey. "Give it to me!"

Cranston came back carrying a small black-handled scalpel.

"Here it is," he said, giving it to Lanfrey.

The captain took the bloodstained knife gingerly. With a cold sensation along my scalp I looked at it.

"Whose is it?" he asked. I opened my lips to speak. "The initial B is scratched on it."

"It's mine," I said, my voice sounding far away in my own ears. "I used it to skin birds — in the laboratory."

XXX

Captain Lanfrey's blue eyes were fixed on mine. He opened his lips, saying with grim humor, "Well, Benny, you've joined me as one of the suspects."

"But — " I began, and he silenced me with a wave of his hand.

"Forget it. I was joking. That laboratory isn't locked. Anybody planning to kill Mrs. Gorell would prefer to use somebody else's knife."

"Of course," Rogers snorted.

"Well — " Lanfrey got to his feet — "as I say, Benny, just forget it."

We left the cabin. Lanfrey slammed the door and turned the key in the lock.

Rogers spoke. "Carlos," he said, "I'd like to look at Mrs. Gorell's diary if you don't mind giving the time now — "

"I haven't anything more important than getting to the bottom of this thing."

In his cabin Lanfrey reached into a desk drawer and pulled out the little diary. He tossed it across to Rogers. "You're the literary gentleman in this crowd, Hunt. Read it aloud if you want to." The captain reached for the cigarettes, lighted one, and leaned back in his chair.

Rogers settled his glasses and picked up the diary. He turned rapidly through the pages, and then remarked: "To begin with, there's little of it. First entry was made only a month ago."

"So much the better," said Lanfrey.

"Well," began Rogers, "here's the first day out of San Pedro, quoting: 'At sea. Doctor is very happy. This is a gorgeous ship. Talked with Miss Wilmer. Doctor's little set-to with Ardleigh last night has blown over, so far as Doctor is concerned. He never holds grudges. Played double solitaire in evening with Doctor.'"

"Nothing there, Hunt; go on," Lanfrey blew a cloud of smoke across the desk.

Rogers continued: "Quoting again. Next day. 'At sea. John Quigley lost overboard in the night. Captain held investigation. Don't care for the captain. John's death will solve Betty's problem without going through divorce court. Doctor worked on his MS in evening.'"

"Who's Betty?" asked Lanfrey.

"Mrs. Gorell's daughter; separated from Quigley at the time of his death," I said.

"I remember now," said Lanfrey. "Go on, Hunt."

"Next day; quoting: 'At sea. Doctor is worrying over something. He won't tell me. I think he believes John Quigley's death was murder and not an accident. I am frightened. Doctor worked on his precious MS most of the day. Solitaire in evening.' The next day is blank," said Rogers, "except for the notation 'At sea.' The day following; quoting: 'At sea. Doctor worked all day on his masterpiece. He still won't tell me what worries him. I'm uneasy. Something is wrong on the ship. Talked with Mr. Bartlett. He seems a sensible young man. Told me John's death was an accident. I don't believe it.'"

Captain Lanfrey jarred the ash from his cigarette and said with a faint smile: "You're one up on me, Benny. Mrs. Gorell couldn't see me for beans,

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but you're a sensible young man."

"Benny has a way with him, Carlos," said Rogers. He returned to the diary. "Here's something — a bit dramatic — quoting: 'At Indefatigable Island. Doctor is killed.'" Rogers glanced up. "Nothing recorded for next day," he said. "Then here's the final entry, quoting: 'At sea. Ship heading for Panama and safety. It cannot be too soon. I fear the captain more and more. Dr. Ardleigh called in afternoon. Miss Wilmer came in evening.'"

Lanfrey crushed out the fire in his cigarette and dropped it into the ash tray. "That's all there is to it?" he asked.

"Some days I skipped. But they were like the others."

"I don't see that that helps any at all," Lanfrey said.

"I'm not sure I agree with you," Rogers answered. "Mrs. Gorell refers to the doctor as laboring over a manuscript. Once she refers to it as his masterpiece. It must have been something important to them — possibly to somebody else."

"What about it?" asked the captain.

"We didn't find any such manuscript."

Lanfrey took the list of the Gorell's belongings.

"Not listed here," he said. "But, once more, what of it?"

"It may be important — I wonder — " he paused, his eyes opening wider. "By George! — It must be — "

"Must be what?"

"There's been a rumor around the University for quite a while that Gorell was working on something big — "

"What?"

"Nobody knows. But it must be that he brought it with him on this voyage."

No one spoke for a considerable time, then Lanfrey broke silence: "You and Benny try and find it," he said.

We went over the room and its adjoining bath minutely. The pictures on the walls were taken down, and their backs removed, to make sure they did not conceal the manuscript. We ripped up the carpet in one corner where we thought our suspicions warranted. We shifted the furniture, removed the dresser drawers. We ransacked the place before turning to the luggage.

"You know, Benny, the old lady was scared," Rogers said solemnly. "Judging from her diary she and the Doctor set great store by that manuscript. It's likely she would hide it against the time she expected to reach Panama."

"It isn't here, Hunt," I said wearily, "unless we overlooked it when we packed this stuff."

We sat eyeing the luggage, wishing we had tackled it first.

"Let's go," said Rogers, jingling the bunch of keys.

For an hour longer we labored, unpacking, examining the luggage for false bottoms, and then repacking. At last we straightened and heaved a joint sigh of relief. "Well, Benny," said Rogers, "the manuscript is missing." He drew on his coat slowly, lost in thought. "Here was a manuscript described by the author's wife as a masterpiece. Both of those persons most concerned with it are dead — murdered. The manuscript is missing. Ergo, Benny, we've struck something important."

"There's a motive there, Hunt — a new one."

"That's right. The manuscript has meaning and importance for somebody else besides the Gorells — and that somebody was prepared to commit murder to get it."

XXXI

DINNER OVER, we climbed to the bridge.

The captain called out to us. "Come in," he said. "What have you found?"

"We didn't discover Gorell's manuscript," answered Rogers. "Not in the stateroom, at any rate."

"Did you expect to?"

"Frankly I didn't. The fact that it is missing begins to assume importance. It needs to be investigated. It may not explain anything and again it may unravel the whole bloody business."

A thought occurred to me. "There's something else we ought to look into, Captain," I said.

"What's that, Benny?"

"Something Alice Wilmer said about her conversation with Mrs. Gorell."

"What did she say? I missed it."

"By George, Benny," Rogers interrupted. "I remember! Something about the trouble between Gorell and Quigley, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

Captain Lanfrey glanced at his watch. "It's not so very late. Let's have Miss Wilmer up here and ask her some questions."

"I'll go find her," I volunteered.

At the rail in a spot sheltered from the wind, I discovered her. "Why so exclusive?" I asked.

"Oh! — Benny?" she responded, startled.

"Yes. Look here," I scolded, "there has been enough trouble on this ship. You shouldn't be here alone — "

"I'm glad you found me," she said a bit contritely.

"Were you wanting to be found?"

"Yes, I think I was."

"If — " I began.

"One's thoughts get so gloomy. I wanted to be alone. I didn't think about the danger. I've been wishing you would come along and talk to me."

"Listen," I began, "you're going to get to talk to three of us."

"Three?"

"Yes. The captain, Rogers, and me. In the captain's cabin."

I led Alice up the ladder to the bridge and brought her to the little cabin where Lanfrey and Rogers sat waiting. "I hope Benny didn't get you out of bed, Miss Wilmer," Lanfrey joked.

"No, Captain."

"It isn't as serious as that." He faced the girl. "What we wanted," he said, "is amplification of something you said this morning."

"What was that, Captain?"

"You said something about the trouble between Dr. Gorell and Quigley. Tell us what Mrs. Gorell said about it."

For a moment Alice sat with head bowed, thinking. The light shone on her lovely hair making a strange kind of gold of it. She threw back the light coat from her shoulders and looked up. "She started talking about her daughter and Jack Quigley," Alice said. "They couldn't agree. I guess the daughter was a dull sort, and Jack had the artist's temperament — "

"That's unusual, isn't it — about Quigley?" I interrupted. "French said he had the making of a scientist. Was something of a research student, until he quit and went to the picture studios."

"Yes, I know," replied Alice. "Mrs. Gorell brought that out. Jack wasn't satisfied doing research. Dr. Gorell thought Jack would do wonders in science, but when the daughter and Jack began to have trouble Dr. Gorell interfered, and things couldn't be patched up. But, before that finally came to a head, Jack had quit the University."

"I see," said Lanfrey.

"Mrs. Gorell," Alice went on, "said that Jack Quigley would have these brilliant ideas but he didn't have the patience to work them out scientifically. He had one, she said, that Dr. Gorell was much interested in; and they started to work it out together and they'd hardly got started on it when Betty and Jack began to squabble, and the family row started, and Jack walked out on Dr. Gorell — "

"I see," said Lanfrey, his eyes narrowing. "What was this idea they started to work out?"

"Mrs. Gorell wouldn't say. I asked her what it was, but she evaded. She said it was too technical for her to explain."

"Then you don't know what it was?" Rogers pressed.

"No. She said Dr. Gorell had had

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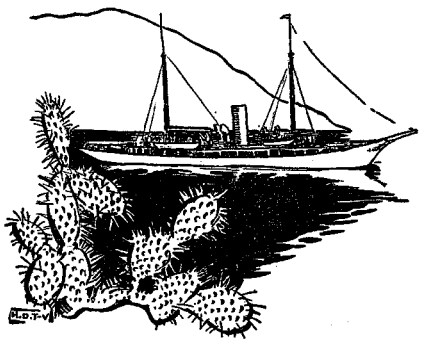


very high hopes of it. She said he told her once that it would make him more famous than Charles Darwin with his *Origin of Species*."

"Mrs. Gorell said that?" Rogers asked, leaning forward.

"Yes."

We sat back in our chairs. Alice's blue eyes sought us each in turn.

Finally Captain Lanfrey said: "Thank you. And was there anything else Mrs. Gorell told you?"

Alice thought a moment, slowly shaking her head. "No, I think not, Captain."

XXXII

ALICE AND I walked along the deck toward the stern. After the bright lights of the captain's cabin, the night seemed very dark. We continued on around the afterdeck and kept on walking. Her hand slipped into mine, warm and soft and full of life. Three times we circled the deck before we brought up in a sheltered spot against the rail.

"Would you have come on this expedition if you had known so many terrible things were going to happen?" she asked.

"Certainly not. There would have been no expedition. But why talk of it? I hope the time will come when we can look back — or, better still, shut it out of our minds altogether as a nightmare best not remembered. I'll not even remind you of it when I come some day and knock on your door in Hollywood."

"Will you come to see me when we get back?" she asked eagerly.

"Do you want me to come?"

"Oh, very much." Then, "Benny?"

"Yes, Alice."

"Were you angry with me a while ago when you found me alone on deck?"

"No. Only a bit frightened."

"I'm sorry."

"When something one has come to regard as precious — "

"Am I — " she breathed — "precious to you?"

"More than that. From the moment I saw you walking aboard at San Pedro. I've wanted to say so. But I've been afraid — "

"Not afraid!"

"Yes. You're so lovely I was afraid you'd fade away like a dream."

"Oh, Benny — I've seen it in your eyes for ever so long — "

Things happen with startling swiftness sometimes; not for several moments after it had happened did I realize that I had kissed her. The sensation definitely called for repetition. I tried it several times.

Alice trembled a little. After a long while she whispered: "You do love me — a little — don't you?"

"No, silly," I answered, "not a little."

How many leagues of equatorial ocean the yacht traversed while we stood whispering together, I do not know. In a vague way I was conscious of a shadow that seemed to drift past us at regular intervals, noiselessly, almost ghostlike.

"What is it?" Alice asked, taking alarm as I lifted my head to look after the tall retreating figure.

"Ardleigh."

"It must be quite late," she said, as if in protest of this intrusion.

"It is. And you are going to your stateroom now."

"Can't we stay just a little longer, Benny?"

"No. Come," I answered, leading her toward the after companionway. I left her at her door. "Pleasant dreams," I said.

"They will be sweet," she replied, holding up her lips for a parting kiss. "Good night."

"Good night, Alice."

I climbed again to the deck. I wasn't sleepy; I was in love. It was overwhelming. I, Benny Bartlett, the bachelor, had fallen in love.

For how long I stood leaning on the rail in shadow I don't know. I was conscious that Ardleigh still drifted like a ghost about the deck, tirelessly, doggedly, as if burdened with some weighty problem which would yield only to constant movement. I was perhaps twenty feet removed from his orbit and of my presence on deck I am confident Ardleigh was not aware.

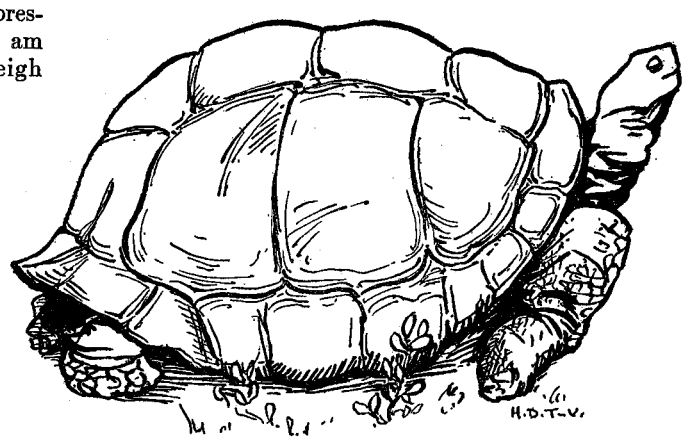
At last he stopped at the rail near me. For a long time he stared out over the blackness of the sea. His long-continued walking about deck had aroused my curiosity; his standing there now made me alert to his presence.

At length I made out that he was toying with something. Some object he had taken from his pocket. For what seemed an age he held it. The uncertain light played havoc with my eyes, and, straining as I was to see, his figure disappeared before my tortured sight and reappeared again.

I rubbed my eyes and by so doing almost missed something. For suddenly I realized that he no longer held the object; that he had leaned slightly forward, gazing down from the rail. Instinctively I leaned over too, to see what Ardleigh's eyes must be following. There was only blackness below. For a long moment I stood looking down, then of a sudden a white, oblong object cut the rays of light shining from a porthole. For an instant it was plainly visible, rotating slowly as it fell through the shaft of light; then it was gone. A moment later I heard the sound of it as it struck the water.

I looked up, and Ardleigh was noiselessly drifting up the deck. The amazing significance of this act did not strike with full force for a matter of moments. What was it he had thrown overboard?

I darted from my concealment and made up the deck after him. Some grim purpose of overhauling Ardleigh and requiring him to tell me what he had done possessed me. The sound of my feet on the deck startled him, and he began to run as if in fear of his life. I increased my pace but when I reached the turn of the deck I realized I had lost him. I went back carefully along the deck, thinking he might have dodged into a nook while I plunged on past him. There were places where he might have hidden, but they were empty now. I had lost him. I might have gone knocking on his stateroom door demanding an explanation, but the uproar would have aroused the whole ship and gained nothing; for what Ardleigh had thrown away was beyond recovery.



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As I went along the deck five bells were struck on the bridge. I hadn't realized it was so late, although I began to feel the weariness in my muscles. I passed the door to the forward companionway and continued on toward the afterdeck. Some unidentified sense suddenly warned me of a vague presence. I shied abruptly away, and that movement, slight as it was, was all that saved me. The next instant a terrific blow struck me on the head. For a dizzy moment I swayed, my hands going out to grasp support but closing on empty air. The world of black sea and sky, the dimly lighted ship, the smell of salt air began to blur and run together, and I collapsed into a swift, impenetrable nothingness.

XXXIII

HANDS SMOOTHED my pillow, felt gently of my pulse; and a giant hammer with rhythmical persistence pounded inside my skull.

Somebody said judicially: "He's getting along all right."

"Will he recover, Captain?" a darling voice asked unsteadily.

"Yes, of course, Miss Wilmer. Now you go get some rest. You've been up most of the night."

Someone left the room, but there continued to be vague stirrings.

Presently somebody remarked: "There's now no question, Carlos, that we're on the right track. If we find who stole that manuscript we'll find who murdered Mrs. Gorell and Quigley — and tried to do away with Benny."

Something urged me to speak. I moved my lips, but there was no sound. How did one say Ardleigh? Ardleigh. That was the name. Ardleigh had thrown away something. An envelope.

"How far are we from Indefatigable now, Carlos?" somebody asked.

"About fifty miles. Why?"

"Could we change our course to Chatham Island?"

"Yes."

It seemed a long time before anything more was said, then the talking went on again. "I'll tell you, Carlos. Hunches sometimes should be followed. Sitting here, the scarlet crab kept coming back to me. I can't get it out of my mind — "

"The scarlet crab?"

"Yes, the one Jay Cranston stepped on in Mrs. Gorell's room."

"What about it?"

"From the crab my mind went back to Indefatigable and to Knutsen, the castaway. You remember he brought the crab up to the launch the day Gorell was killed. I want to talk to Knutsen."

"Do you think he knows something?"

"Perhaps he does. Knutsen was on shore that day. He's the only one we haven't talked to."

I made an extra effort, and the hammer inside my skull beat terrifically. Nevertheless I said: "Ardleigh."

There was instant silence in the room, although there was a great din inside my head.

"Was that Bartlett who spoke?" somebody asked.

"I thought it was."

Gentle hands were laid on my face.

"Ardleigh," I said again.

"What about Ardleigh, Benny? Did he hit you last night?"

The question confused me. "Ardleigh," I repeated.

"What about Ardleigh, Benny?" The words were said slowly and distinctly.

"Threw a letter overboard."

After a long while somebody said: "He may be a trifle delirious, Hunt. It doesn't matter; he's coming around. I'll run along and change our course to Chatham. There'll probably be time to find Knutsen before dark tonight."

"All right, Carlos. I'll stay with Benny."

"Yes; do that. Don't go away. Whoever hit him last night might try to finish the job."

The door opened and closed. With the stillness, the knocking inside my head became faint. I think I slept a little. Voices awakened me. I felt much better; that strange ecstatic feeling of returning life and vigor was coursing through my veins.

"He's getting along all right, French," said a voice I recognized as Huntoon Rogers'.

"I'm mighty glad of that. Dropped in to see how he was coming along. Nice fellow, Bartlett. I'd hate to see him badly hurt. I don't suppose he knows who hit him last night?"

"I doubt it," Rogers replied slowly.

"Who found him? When did it happen?"

"The watch found him. Heard the blow, he said, and ran at once. The attacker got away, however. The time was about two-thirty."

"I'll be going, Rogers. Was anxious to know how he was getting on. It's fortunate the watch was alert. Otherwise Bartlett might have been dumped overboard while he was unconscious."

"It was very fortunate, French."

The door closed, and stillness settled again. I could hear the water sloshing against the ship's side. The pounding inside my head had become a respectable headache. I dropped off to sleep again and slept a long time.

When I woke the ship no longer rolled to the great swells of the Pacific; if we moved at all we moved in quiet waters. The portholes were full of late afternoon sunlight. Standing over me was the familiar figure of Huntoon Rogers. "Feeling better?" he inquired.

"Much better," I replied, and to my relief the hammer inside my skull was silent.

"You had a close shave last night," he remarked casually.

"I guess I did."

"Any idea who attacked you?"

"No."

"Earlier today you talked a little, probably while you were delirious — "

"I wasn't delirious," I protested. "I just couldn't seem to talk. I was trying to tell you what happened last night."

"I'm not sure it's wise for you to talk now."

"I'm all right," I insisted. "I was trying to tell you about Ardleigh."

"What about Ardleigh?"

"He threw a sealed envelope overboard last night, then ran away when I started after him."

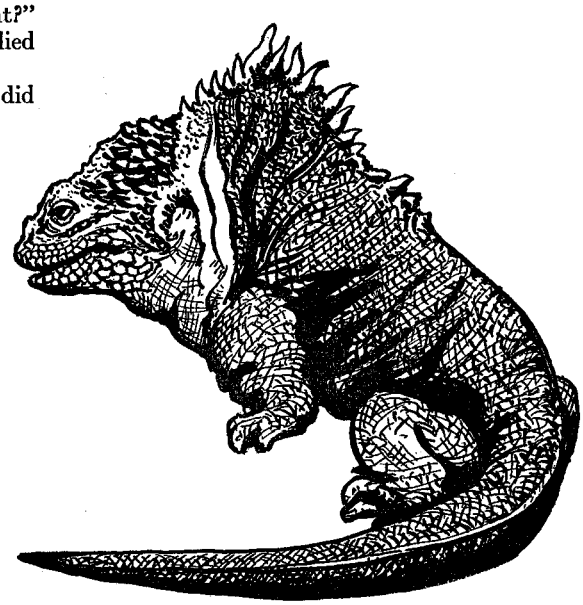
"Ardleigh!" he said quietly.

"Yes. He dodged me and got away. I went up to the bridge a while then started back to my room — "

"And Ardleigh waylaid you and tried to kill you?"

"I don't say that. Maybe it was Ardleigh; maybe it was somebody else."

"I'll pass along what you've said to Carlos — "



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"Where are we now? The ship's stopped, isn't it?"

"We're anchored in Wreck Bay. Dropped the hook just before you woke up." He sat down on the edge of the bed and lowered his voice. "Carlos and I are going ashore in a few minutes now. We want to talk to Knutsen."

"You may have trouble finding him," I said.

"We may. However there are not so many inhabitants on Chatham but what we can run him down."

"Does he know something?"

"He may. If he does, Benny, and if it solves these crimes you and I can write this thing down in our books as the affair of the scarlet crab. All day long that crab kept coming back. It was like an obsession. From the crab I'd go to Knutsen. I know I've said the crab had no significance as a clue; it really isn't a clue; it's more like a link in a chain — if — and I stress the if — if Knutsen knows anything."

"Crab or no crab, Hunt, we can't go on much longer this way. I don't want another crack on the head — "

"Nor I. But — I'm not an optimist. I admit the chance is pretty slim — "

"Do you think it could have been Ardleigh?" I asked.

"It might be. This envelope business, Benny, is bad. Probably that was the manuscript we were hunting. He might have felt we were getting too hot on the trail and threw it overboard — " The sound of the door opening interrupted. "Here she is — I've been waiting for Miss Wilmer. She promised to sit with you while we were ashore. So long, Benny."

The door closed. I was conscious of another presence in the room.

"Benny?" said a soft voice. "Are you all right, Benny?"

"Yes, darling," I answered, and the next instant her arms settled down about my neck and her lips touched mine.

XXXIV

THE DAYLIGHT waned at the portholes; the dusk of a tropic night fell swiftly. Over the ship was an air of expectancy, manifest in the sound of feet walking about the deck, in occasional voices, in the opening and closing of doors along the passageway. Night closed in, and Alice switched on the lights. She rang for Starr and when that individual entered she consulted with him about something to eat. As we finished dessert, I heard the scrape of a boat alongside.

A few minutes later the door opened, and Rogers stood in the doorway. "Well! Well! I'm glad to see that, Benny." He came in and shut the door.

"Thanks, Hunt. Any luck?"

"None," he shook his head gloomily. "We didn't find him. There's a possibility he may have gone on another fishing cruise — "

"And suffered the fate of a castaway again?"

Hunt shook his head. "It's possible. However, we left the Governor still searching. If Knutsen's on the island, the Governor promises to bring him out tonight. By the way," he continued, "will you be able to attend a meeting in the lounge? If not, Carlos will hold it here. He said if you weren't able he'd postpone it."

"I'll be in the lounge," I said. "When?"

"About eight o'clock," Rogers answered, and closed the door behind him.

Alice looked at me inquiringly. "What do you think will happen?"

"Nothing," I answered. "We seem to get nowhere."

At eight o'clock Alice and I entered the lounge together and found a comfortable seat on a davenport. Mrs. Lanfrey came a moment later, crossed to us, and inquired how I felt.

"Fine," I answered.

"And," she began, "you two look strangely happy about something. I'm wondering, Benny, if it's congratulations — "

"Precisely," I said.

"Then my very best to you," she said warmly, extending a vigorous hand. "And you, my dear," she turned to Alice, "your face positively couldn't hide your happiness." She leaned down and kissed her. "Move over you two; I want to sit beside young love."

French's tall figure entered; he nodded and sat down. "Glad to see you up and around, Bartlett," he called.

Rogers came in, followed by Dr. Ardleigh; Captain Lanfrey entered with Starr; and behind them came Jay Cranston and Ernest. Mr. Getty walked in and sat down near the door, and presently there followed Mr. Davis.

"Are we all here?" asked Lanfrey, glancing up at us. For a moment there was silence. Not a sound came from the ship or from those of us who had gathered in the lounge. At length Lanfrey remarked casually: "I've asked you all to come here tonight. We perhaps should talk over a few things that concern us all. Another of our company was set upon last night. Fortunately, beyond a severe bruise Mr. Bartlett is none the worse for it. Bartlett," Captain Lanfrey turned to me, "I haven't had an opportunity to talk with you. Would you oblige by telling us about the attack now?"

"I'd been on deck, Captain," began. "I decided I'd better turn in and I was walking aft on the port side on my way to my room when I was struck on the head. There was no warning, except the sudden feeling that something was wrong. I dodged or started to do so, and that was all I knew."

"What time was it?"

"I'd just heard five bells."

"Now, will you go back to an earlier hour on deck and tell us what happened then?"

I realized from this approach that Lanfrey had talked over with Rogers the strange actions of Dr. Ardleigh. I glanced at the old geologist. He sat with arms crossed upon his chest, his thin, turtle-like lips clamped tightly together, his hawk-like nose sharply outlined by the rays of a light behind him.

"Miss Wilmer and I talked on deck for some time," I said. "Finally I took her down to her room and then came back up again."

"Did you see anybody else on deck?"

"Yes, there was somebody else walking about. I stood in the shadows, and he kept walking around deck. Finally he stopped at the rail close to me and a few minutes later took something from his pocket and dropped it overboard —"

"What was it?"

"It was a long, thick envelope. It was sealed. I saw it when it cut through the light from a porthole. I heard it hit the water. I looked up, and this person was walking away. I started in pursuit. He began to run. I ran after him, but he escaped."

I ended amid a deep silence. French leaned forward and took a cigarette from a package in front of him. He struck a match and held it to his cigarette.

"Who was this person, Bartlett?" the captain inquired.

"Dr. Ardleigh."

There was a stir. Ardleigh did not move a muscle; his face remained a grim sort of reptilian mask; he continued to sit with arms folded across his chest. In the lengthening silence I came slowly to the realization that Lanfrey's eyes were fixed upon Ardleigh.

"What was in that envelope, Dr. Ardleigh?" asked the captain.

"I do not know," he answered, drawling slightly, returning the captain's steady gaze.

"How did you come to throw it overboard?"

"I was requested to do so."

"Who asked you to do it?"

"Mrs. Gorell."

For a long moment we stared at Ard-

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leigh; then Captain Lanfrey spoke up sharply. "Why did she give it to you? What was it? Why did she want it destroyed?"

Ardleigh studied the multiple question. He wet his lips and suddenly was galvanized into life. "I'll tell you. The whole amazing thing. I came to suspect what was in that envelope. I struggled with myself before I at length carried out Mrs. Gorell's wishes.

"I told you I had stopped in to sit with Mrs. Gorell a while the afternoon before she died. During the conversation she took a sealed envelope from her handbag. She said: 'Dr. Ardleigh, I want you to do something for me. I want you to care for this until we reach Panama. Tell nobody that you have it. When we reach Panama give it back. In case I never reach there alive, you have my strict orders to destroy it unopened. You must swear to do it. You are the only man I can trust on this ship. Because you and my husband were not friendly no one will suspect that I have entrusted you with this.'"

Ardleigh's voice halted for a moment. He looked casually around the room and went on.

"It was a tremendous struggle. That's why Bartlett saw me pacing the deck last night. I could not decide. Gorell was a genius. I'll give him his due. At heart he was a scientist, although at times ill temper obscured the fact. What may have appeared to others as desire for personal aggrandizement, was, I'm sure, only an extraordinary precaution that he be right before he published his findings. He was like a vicious dog guarding what was his until he could give it to the world.

"I say I want to be fair to Gorell. I realize I have done him a great wrong. I'm certain now that his wife should never have required me to destroy her husband's work. I blame her primarily and then myself. The ethics of the scientific world never meant anything to Clara Gorell. She lived in a selfish little universe of her own. But one's oath, you know — I give you my word that when she swore me to destroy the envelope I did not suspect the nature of its contents. I am confident, however, now that Gorell's life work is lost, that in that envelope was revealed the mechanism of adaptive changes. That was what he was working on.

"As I say, the struggle was tremendous. I'd been fighting the problem for hours. At last, overcome by both physical and mental fatigue, I weakened —" He ceased abruptly and turned to me.

"You startled me, Bartlett," he said. "I thought I was alone. I dodged into the lounge. That's why you missed me."

Ardleigh was through; he wet his hard lips and continued to gaze at Lanfrey.

"Thank you, Doctor," said the captain at length. "You didn't by any chance attack Bartlett, did you?"

"Mercy, no!" Ardleigh's gray-green eyes were fixed on Lanfrey. "I went to bed. I was exhausted."

Captain Lanfrey reached for a smoke. "That sort of explains that," he said casually, "but I want to go back to the death of Dr. Gorell on Indefatigable. You were on shore that day, Ardleigh, weren't you?"

"I don't deny it."

"You were seen coming in at lunchtime from the general direction in which Dr. Gorell's body was found."

"I may have done so," answered the geologist, his eyes beginning to smolder.

"And, now — " began Lanfrey.

"Now, don't you accuse me of Gorell's murder," Ardleigh burst out, leveling a long finger at the captain. "I've admitted I was not friendly with him, but my unfriendliness didn't extend to murder — "

At this moment there was a commotion at the door of the lounge. Turning, we saw the melancholy countenance of the Governor of the islands and behind him the tall figure of Knutsen, the castaway. Lanfrey sprang up and went to greet them.

"Thank you, Governor, thank you — " he said.

"It is a pleasure, Captain," replied the Governor in his slow English. "I told you if Chris Knutsen was on the island I would bring him to you." He finished with a gesture as if offering the Norwegian to us as some sort of sacrifice.

"Sit down, won't you," and Lanfrey pointed the two of them to chairs.

Rogers came to me and whispered in my ear so faintly I could scarcely hear him. "What if Ardleigh is the murderer?" he breathed. "That envelope could have been a fake, and he could have kept the real one."

Rogers went back to his chair. It was a startling thought. Had Ardleigh been the dark character through all this amazing story? I began to feel uncomfortable, when suddenly Lanfrey's voice cut across my speculations. "Hunt," he said, "will you sum things up so that the Governor will know just where we are?"

"All right, Carlos," replied Rogers. "I'll do it briefly. First, we lost John Quigley, our photographer, overboard," he said. "At the time we thought it an accident; then we decided that it was murder. Dr. Gorell died on Indefatigable Island. Again it looked like an accident; we are forced now to regard it a murder also. Then Mrs. Gorell succumbed to the most brutal form of murder.

"Now, here is a peculiar thing," Rogers went on. "Dr. and Mrs. Gorell were man and wife; John Quigley their son-in-law. Some time ago Quigley was a research fellow at the University. He and Dr. Gorell were working something out together. They had a quarrel and separated. Dr. Gorell went ahead with what he undoubtedly thought was his masterpiece. He brought the work with him on this voyage to put the finishing touches to it. Someone, however, knowing the importance of that work, came aboard with us resolved to remove all three of those persons who had knowledge of Gorell's work and take the fruit of Gorell's labor for his own. Until the last day or so it appeared almost impossible to discover a motive that would account for the strange series of deaths among us. He had been a clever person."

"That sums it up," Lanfrey interrupted. "You go ahead, Hunt; ask the questions you want to."

Rogers glanced quickly about the circle. "Very well, Carlos," he said. He turned to Ardleigh. "Ardleigh," he began sharply, "just where did you go that morning that Gorell was killed?"

Ardleigh's eyes kindled once more. He bit his lip. "I went towards the interior," he snapped. "Followed the lava ridges. About eleven o'clock I turned back to the beach for lunch."

"Thanks, Ardleigh. And, Benny," Rogers' eyes sought mine, "you were on shore that day too?"

"Yes."

"And you, Carlos?"

"Yes, Hunt."

"Cranston?"

"Yes, Sir; I was there."

"Starr?"

"Yes, Sir."

Rogers halted; after a moment he added, "I was on shore myself. Everybody here, practically, except French, was on shore. French was out on the water all morning. He doesn't need an alibi. That's right, isn't it, French?"

"A correction, Rogers," said French, smiling. "That *is* my alibi."

"But Ardleigh here — " he came back once more to the geologist. For a long moment the two stared at each other; then Rogers' eyes turned to Ernest, who waited in the background.

"Ernest," he said, "ask Knutsen what he was doing that morning on shore. The morning Dr. Gorell was killed. Where was he? What did he do?"

The boy plied the Norwegian with a question. The man, who had been sitting ill at ease in his chair, answered. As the sound of the strange tongue filled the quiet lounge, the suspense became al-

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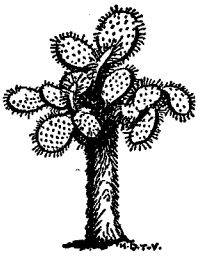
most unbearable. I realized that in these words the fate of someone among us might be sealed.

Ernest straightened up, facing Rogers. "He says he went down the beach to get a scarlet crab so he could bring it to Miss Wilmer. While he was there, Dr. French rowed in to the beach and asked him to take the boat and row out on the water by himself. And he did for half an hour, and Dr. French went inland and he didn't — "



An amazing clamor suddenly broke out in the lounge.

Captain Lanfrey leaped out of his chair. "French!" he shouted in a strange voice.

For an instant French sat as one stunned; his tongue licked out and moistened his dry lips. "It's a lie!" he said hoarsely, but the next moment his lithe body slipped from his chair, and he darted toward the door. But Starr, standing in the entrance, suddenly swung his fist. The crack resounded on our ears, and French's body catapulted to the floor, crashing through a chair and rolling at Starr's feet.

XXXV

Captain Lanfrey glanced briefly at the typed sheets of paper Rogers had brought him, then let them drop on the desk. The yacht was rolling evenly to the long swells of the open sea. Somewhere in the haze far to starboard was the coastline of Mexico.

"I'm glad, Hunt, that French gave in to you and wrote it all down," he said. "Old Hawkshaw Huntoon Rogers — " and he relaxed into a smile.

"But I'm not," protested Rogers. "I'm not a detective. I'm a professor of English, but that's no reason for not employing a little gray matter."

"You never seriously considered Starr, did you, Hunt?" I asked.

"I never seriously considered Cranston, Benny. The boy never seemed to me to fit the part of an archcriminal. But Starr was different. His opportunity was excellent, for instance, since he took Quigley a whisky and soda late that night. The motive was sufficient — gambling, the loss of his savings, the charge of crooked dice and the subsequent quarrel. He was able to tell a plausible but unsubstantiated story to explain how he got his money back and how he obtained Quigley's dice. Even, after it was disclosed that Quigley was on deck as late as three o'clock in the morning, the opportunity remained and the motive was just as strong.

"About the time Gorell died on Indefatigable, Starr was walking alone on the island. Cranston accused Starr of having been in the vicinity where Gorell's body was found, and Starr was unable to deny it. Again the opportunity, but the motive is not the same. If Starr were guilty of Gorell's death, the motive would have to be that of the multiple slayer — murder to conceal murder — the assumption being that Starr feared Gorell had seen him throwing Quigley overboard, and so was forced to kill him. But here a weakness develops. Gorell would have no reason to withhold information if he had witnessed Quigley's death, although a suspicion that Gorell had seen him kill Quigley might very well have tormented Starr's mind until he murdered Gorell.

"But there was no reasonable motive whatever to link Starr with Mrs. Gorell's murder. It didn't make sense. Starr's jacket on the bed was only a crude effort by someone else to connect him with the crime, in this instance Cranston. And so Starr was discarded as the possible slayer of Quigley and Gorell."

"How about Gorell as the murderer of Quigley?" Lanfrey asked.

"There was excellent reason to suspect him, Carlos," Rogers replied. "He had threatened his son-in-law. He had ample opportunity, as for that matter did everybody else on the yacht. Back home where police function, he probably would have been held on suspicion of murder. Even after his own death, if it were accident, he could still be believed guilty of Quigley's murder. But when his wife was slain the case against him crumbled, as it did with Starr.

"Now, then, suppose for a moment that a homicidal maniac is loose among us," Rogers went on. "By what chance would he kill these three particular persons — a husband and wife and their son-in-law? The chance, as Benny pointed out, was too remote to consider until all other possible solutions had been examined.

"Take another motive that frequently figures in crime — women," and Rogers' mild blue eyes twinkled briefly as he regarded the captain. "Suppose, Carlos, as the Gorells both charged, that Quigley had come between you and your wife. You have an orthodox motive and, of course, ample opportunity. But you're my friend, Carlos, and I know you have nothing of the killer in your make-up, so that solution is set aside — "

"Thank you, Hunt," said Lanfrey, reaching forward to drop the ash of his cigarette in the tray. He hesitated, then added: "With the understanding that it go no further, I knew that Reba and Quigley kept a very late rendezvous on deck. Rendezvous is not the word; their meeting was accidental. Reba told me of it in the morning, before it was discovered that Quigley was lost overboard. They both had been restless and had gone up on deck. There was nothing to be gained by publishing the fact."

"You're quite right," I said. "It goes no further."

"Here, too, Carlos," said Rogers. He hesitated a moment to gather his thoughts, then took up where he had left off. "There had to be a different motive than any of those advanced to explain this series of murders. Now, then, among a group of scientists, suppose that one of their number is engaged upon something of genuine importance and that the credit is coveted by another. Suppose that the covetous one is familiar with the circumstances surrounding the development of that work — that Quigley, the son-in-law, had knowledge of it. Very well, then, remove all three of these persons, obtain possession of the work, granted that it has been reduced to manuscript, wait a favorable opportunity, and fame is his. It is a plausible motive among scientists — "

"Plausible, Hunt," interrupted the captain, "if the murderer is renegade to that unselfishness that characterizes the scientist."

"Right, of course, Carlos," returned Rogers. "Who, then following that theory, might be suspect? Obviously Ardleigh, French, Benny, and you, Carlos, who are something more than an amateur. I discard you two temporarily and settle upon Ardleigh and French as the more likely suspects. I was more inclined to Ardleigh than French. French had that seemingly unbreakable alibi in Gorell's death. Ardleigh, on the other hand, had thrown away a manuscript which might easily have been a dummy. He even seemed to know the nature of Gorell's work."

"But you switched suddenly, Hunt," I said, "just when I thought you were going to accuse Ardleigh. Why did you do it?"

"A look in French's eyes, just a flicker of overconfidence after he had corrected me about the alibi," Rogers answered. "I fed him the bait, and he rose to it. Here was a startling piece of information. French had an alibi; he admitted it. No one else even pretended to have one. Besides that, I had had a hunch for some time that Knutsen held the key to the solution. But French has written the story all out. His account coincides in most instances with my reasoning, if reasoning can be said to occur in the brief time it took me to switch from

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Ardleigh to French. I saw the whole thing dovetailing. I understood the reason for the long time French had spent floating in the skiff. But I'll read you his confession."

Rogers reached for the typed sheets on Lanfrey's desk, settled his glass and began to read. It was a strange document. Its terrible callousness chilled my blood as Rogers took up French's story.

" 'I'm not a scientist,' " the confession began. " 'The progress of science has never meant anything to me. What I could get personally in the way of fame and money is all that I've worked for. To use a phrase Gorell once applied to me, I am a "self-centered man run amuck in the principles of scientific detachment."

" 'Gorell first suggested the problem to me, and together we projected the line of research. I started to work; then one day when I had irritated him — always an easy thing to do — Gorell took the whole thing away from me, as he said, in the interest of discipline. Gorell was head of the department. He could do that. But he couldn't discipline a sense of scientific detachment into me. I never had it to begin with. He never let me in on the problem again, although I asked him repeatedly. Instead he brought Quigley into the work. Quigley suggested a different approach, I learned, and the two went on for a while from where I left off. Then when Quigley pulled out Gorell went on alone and finished it.

" 'When we sailed from San Pedro the time was right for action. Gorell had told me on the dock that he had written up his work, that he had the MS with him for a final polishing before he published. He signed his own death warrant and that of the others when he told me that. All had to die who had any vital knowledge of that work.

" 'Quigley was first. I followed him down to his cabin after Mrs. Lanfrey and he separated on deck about three A.M. He let me in when I rapped on his door, and a rabbit punch on the back of the neck knocked him out. I carried him up and threw him over the rail.

" 'Gorell was easy. I gave Knutsen some of my clothing, not only because the man was in need and I felt sorry for him but because I saw how I might use him. I could have been doing more important things than floating about several days offshore in the glass-bottomed skiff but I wanted for the sake of an alibi to emphasize my location in the minds of all members of the expedition. Also I was able to keep track of the general movements of the entire party from the skiff. Alice Wilmer could have seen me when I rowed in to shore that day to kill Gorell. But she didn't turn round from her easel; she is always absorbed when at work. Knutsen was playing with that scarlet crab on the beach. I told him to get into the boat and row out for a while. Then I went into the scrub where I had seen Gorell disappear, found him, and knocked him over with a piece of lava. My luck was still with me when I changed places with Knutsen in the skiff. No one saw us make the exchange.

" 'Mrs. Gorell was easy too. With a pair of thin, long-nosed pliers I found in the ship's carpenter shop but which now are at the bottom of the sea I turned the key in her lock while a clap of thunder was still rolling. She was asleep. I killed her with Bartlett's scalpel I had taken from the laboratory. After I had killed her, I couldn't find Gorell's MS. I already had made a brief search of the stateroom several days before I killed Gorell. I slipped away from the dinner table one night to do that. I was overanxious. I realized, of course, that I was endangering my whole plan. I came up on deck carrying what I hoped was Gorell's MS. But it proved to be only some supplementary pages of bibliography and not the completed paper I was after. I was eager to see what I had got and stopped in the first lighted shelter I found. Bartlett surprised me, but I am sure he did not suspect anything then. I carried it off well. I reasoned that in time, of course, he would realize what it was I was reading. And so I marked him for death. That night, when the opportunity came, he jumped just as I struck at him and spoiled my aim. The watch heard the sound, and there was no time to finish him.

" 'Lies are easy things to tell — necessary to murder. I was in no danger of discovery. An assumption of innocence on my part; a laudable interest in the apprehension of the slayer; a theory of how Quigley might have met death put forward one night and pressed upon Bartlett, who, I was sure, would take it to Lanfrey; and again the insistence to Bartlett that I believed that Gorell died by accident helped fortify the general belief that I could not be guilty. I attempted to preallay suspicion the day Gorell died by joking about his appetite. I began shouting Gorell's name the night of the search, knowing that he was dead and that I had killed him. In the room where Mrs. Gorell's body lay, my hands shook, I trembled, I looked all about the room rather than at the corpse. That was purposely done. I led the applause at Miss Wilmer's bravery in wanting to go back to the islands. I was playing a part; I had to play a part. Every murderer attempts the actor's role.

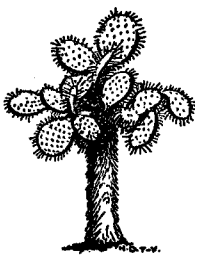
" 'But I made two mistakes; one proved harmless, the other fatal. I was too eager to implant the accident theory in Gorell's death, and put the words into Captain Lanfrey's mouth. He noted the fact, but nothing came of it. The fatal mistake was in not doing away with Knutsen when I could have made the opportunity. When I did realize the urgency of doing that, he already had been set ashore at Chatham Island. I realized that Rogers had tripped me up on that alibi question; I knew that he knew it. But it was all over then anyway.

" 'However carefully I had planned the whole thing, I did not foresee that Mrs. Gorell would trick me by giving the MS to Ardleigh to destroy; the depths of selfishness in that woman were beyond my calculation. Rather than that someone else might profit undeservedly by her husband's labor, she preferred to destroy it.' "

Rogers ceased reading.

Captain Lanfrey's gaze, intent upon the hazy blue of the open sea, came back to the tiny cabin. He picked up the confession, which Rogers had dropped on the desk, turned about in his chair, and deposited it in the iron safe at his back. He closed the heavy door, twirled the combination lock, and faced about. "And that's that, gentlemen," he said quietly. "San Pedro and home day after tomorrow, and I'll not be sorry."

I wasn't sorry, either, and went to look for Alice.



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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

President, Poetry Society of America

Poetry Parade

The year 1936 produced an abundance of fair verse, and Thomas Moult, in selecting The Best Poems of 1936 (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00), shows good perspective. His skyline of excellence is, naturally, deeply indented. The selection begins at the highest peak with four lines of indelible beauty by A. S. J. Tessimond from the London *Adelphi*. Then the curve slumps sharply and rises to two pieces of Americana, one on laughter by Kenneth Allan Robinson, the other on pioneering by Lionel Wiggam. Near this level, also, is a consummate sonnet by Robert Nathan. The high altitude of pure poetry is again attained in a posthumous piece by A. E. on the spirit of youth. No selection can, of course, be absolute; David Morton wrote better sonnets last year than even the one reprinted here. Again, names impress the editor unduly. His 80-odd British and American poets are better known than 2,000 omitted newcomers who also wrote good verse in 1936. One group is all but excluded: the earnest young experimentalists who are trying sincerely, if often unintelligibly, to make poetry, like much real music and painting, contemporary with the present technological era.

Rockwell Kent has illustrated a new edition of Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman (Heritage, $3.75). Kent comprehends Whitman, but Whitman would have been puzzled by Kent. The illustrator has stylized, almost minoized the poet's faithful record of homely physical minutiae. But the result is distinguished. The blending of the vigor and the expansiveness of these two great artists produces a grandiose and cosmic opus.

William Rose Benét has compiled a delightful book and selected just the proper artist for the illustrations, Mother Goose (Heritage, $3.75). Duvoisin has inculcated a dash of the French from which the good Mother Goose is descended, and Benét has wisely included the additions of fond Mother Goose lovers from Goldsmith to our time. Duvoisin has a spidery, humorous line and bright color. This is a pleasant book, not unimportant either, both an approach to English literature and a storehouse for the poets. It presents a spirited antidote to the bugaboo about psychological primers. In fact a richly executed masterpiece.

Not so much can be said for Willy Pogany's sumptuous paintings for Sonnets from the Portuguese by Elizabeth Barrett Browning (Crowell, $2.50). These Pre-Raphaelites in modern dress are a little too soupy for the poetry.

Collected Poems and Plays of Rabindranath Tagore (Macmillan, $3.00) is impressive even without pictures. But reading Tagore again at this distance from his Nobel prize is rather enervating. His low, whispering lyricism, so seductive to the Western mind a generation ago, now seems spineless and saccharine. In Tagore's poetry mysticism is an emotional, unintellectual thing in contrast to our modern metaphysical poets.

The Metaphysical Poets, by Helen C. White (Macmillan, $3.00) is a prose study by the author of *The Mysticism of William Blake*, a faithful analysis of the effect of religious experience on earlier British poets. The book is somewhat burdened with scholarship.

Traveler of Earth, by Louise Burton Laidlaw (Dodd, Mead, $2.00) is a second volume by this buoyant young poet. Her verse is charged with an inextinguishable flame of loveliness. We hope that her next volume will contain more of frustration along with fulfillment. We beg that she employ more of the newer and not always harsher rhythms of our contemporary intellectual poets. Greater depth and awareness should mark her passionate progress as a poet.

Henry Harrison, poetry publisher, offers two new volumes this month: Texas Poets ($2.00) — another State anthology — and Singing Flesh, by Thomas del Vecchio ($1.50). This poet subordinates a lively imagination and a command of a variety of verse forms to his proletarian sympathies.

And finally here are seven thin volumes by various poets and sundry publishers. The Birth of Song, by W. H. Davies (Oxford, $1.00), is a collection of this author's much-sought verse from the past two years. His polished cadences and his love of the quiet country prove that a conservative can still be a poet. The Little Book of Songs, by Jerome Sapir (Humphries, $1.50), is, by contrast, imaginative and defiant social criticism. Our U.S.A. needs satirical poets today, and it is a pity that the rapier-edged if sometimes vicious Poems, by Alexander Uhrig, should have been privately printed, without a publisher's seal or a price mark, in Oconomowoc, Wisconsin. Also more meritorious than most bound books is a pamphlet, Poems from the Fugitive, by Merrill Moore. Graver Than Nonesuch, by Victor Egon (Christopher, $1.25), is capricious and inclined to the histrionic. Anniversary, by Harriet Maxon Thayer (Seymour, $1.50), represents a real talent that has not as yet touched deeply on anything but purely personal situations. Shine Perishing Republic, by Rudolph Gilbert (Humphries, $2.50), is an unconvincing prose mélange on the failure of America and a confused attempt to show that the one poet who stands out like Aeschylus is Robinson Jeffers. Familiar Journey, by Peggy Pond Church (Writers' Editions, $2.50), is, like all volumes of these co-operative publishers, worthy of the beautiful bookmaking. These poems are concerned with the religious communion of love in a Southwestern landscape, as well as secondary, retrospective emotion.

English and American Surrealists

by JOHN COTTON WALCOTT

The authoritative American magazine of verse, *Poetry*, in its January number presented a selection of new English poets edited by W. H. Auden and Michael Roberts. The Forum last month published the work of fifteen new American poets, edited by Horace Gregory. Let us attempt a comparison of these surprising up-to-the-minute contemporaries.

In an essay accompanying the English exhibit Michael Roberts classifies his island poets in four groups: (1) the metaphysicians, including T. S. Eliot and the Catholic poets; (2) Auden and other poets with a discord in experience not

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English and American Surrealists

resolved by an inner harmony but requiring action; (3) surrealists; and (4) poets of frustration and despair.

THE FORUM'S selection of young American left-wingers mainly swings to the third group, the surrealists.

The metaphysical is the resolution by mind through matter to an essential truth, the science of being. The English metaphysical poets attempt a meaning where the perspective of individual value has a rational relation to social and aesthetic forms. It is essentially a rediscovery of tradition integral to their natures. Since our poets possess no tradition of their own, they move through surrealism toward the metaphysical idea. Metaphysical poetry is, as always, a conception of the universe which is philosophical, combined with the intuition that humanity has a definite part in the universal purpose.

Surrealism, on the other hand, grows out of Pound and Amy Lowell's imagism, the parade of simple and reflected images to express vividly a seen object or an experience. To Mr. Roberts surrealism is the "evocative power of a single image without regard to logical or narrative order." We can define it more accurately. Let us call it the attempt to express self-consciously the form of an emotion (which may be subconscious). Instead of confining himself to comparative images, the surrealist explores the core, digging the entire process of the emotion out and arriving nearer the nature of the thing itself. The painting follows the same impulse. This explains the rubble which accompanies the movement. Metaphysical poetry is the continuation after the discard of the rubble.

II

THERE are five American classes: (1) surrealists edging on metaphysical; (2) straight surrealists; (3) action-propaganda poets; (4) commentators on frustration; (5) imagists.

The imagists are two: Archibald Fleming's *The Jungle*, an active description with a cartilaginous use of words, and Edwin Rolfe's *The Arctic*, which is a fairly classic simile bearing the historical scar of the depression.

Commentaries on frustration are Muriel Rukeyser's *Outpost*, an arresting use of the ocean and watery time, a hymn to the dying republic. David Schubert's *Gold Chariot* has an identical thought, sharpened by historical authority, acid humor. *The Ship Canal*, by William Stephens, is a satisfactory employment of modern industrial slag for a poetic effect. The poems are important because they show that poetry can definitely utilize the medium of modern life, perhaps eventually control it. At the moment the function is criticism; their personal discord has not been brought to a head.

The propaganda poets bring it to a head by action, controlling the idea without falling under it. Selden Rodman, in *My Cousin Seen as the Common Enemy*, makes the particular apply to the general, fusing mordant caricature with social criticism. David Wolff is a complete contrast. *Waking in Deepest Night* has the climate of surrealism, its fantastic beauty; and the motion of things, forced like a Cézanne painting, relates to a future moving on the plan of humanity. Clark Mills falls into line with a somber and fervent elegy on the dead heroes of the immediate past. Agee is conspicuous for his form; *Rapid Transit* has a sort of prophetic indignation, and *Sun Our Father*, reduced to a bone, hides in its real charm a significance that recalls Blake. His capitulation to Russia wholly resolves personal unrest.

The surrealists represent different stages. Eunice Clark's *Portrait of Myself by van Gogh* by unique method is cut in wire; the thought is slight, the procedure authentic — an inversion of perspective and time sense inside out. *The Island in the Sea*, by Winfield Scott, drives deeper into the heart of surrealism. Scott digs through the creative desire to the intellectual. His mind is lonely and extracts being out of material things. He begins to arrive at the religion of death and rebirth, discovering it, like Cocteau, in the jungle of the self.

He brings us almost to the first class. Here the poets, having passed through analysis, are spiritualized and approach the religious. Their passion becomes connected to humanity's relation to some whole. T. C. Wilson's *Colder, with Variable Winds* has such tokens; the analysis is nearly complete, the myth of existence flattened by a larger phenomenon, the poet waiting. The accent is mystical. In Robert Fitzgerald's *Dialogue for a Play*, a personal emotion is carried to the larger life emotion. He dramatically unwinds the umbilical nature of maturity, so determined by cause, which the surrealists thought to sever with intellect. Elizabeth Bishop's *The Weed* has an affinity to Donne's *Ecstasie*, the disregard of time, the mixture of fervor and thought. She brings out the vital difference: that the speculations of the period are absent; only social and experienced facts protrude from these poems.

It is obvious also that the demarcation is sometimes arbitrary and that our metaphysical poetry, when it comes, will arise as a natural inductive manifestation, having something in common with the cast of Melville's perception, the undigested transcendentalism of Alcott, the fever of Poe, and the intricacy of Hart Crane.

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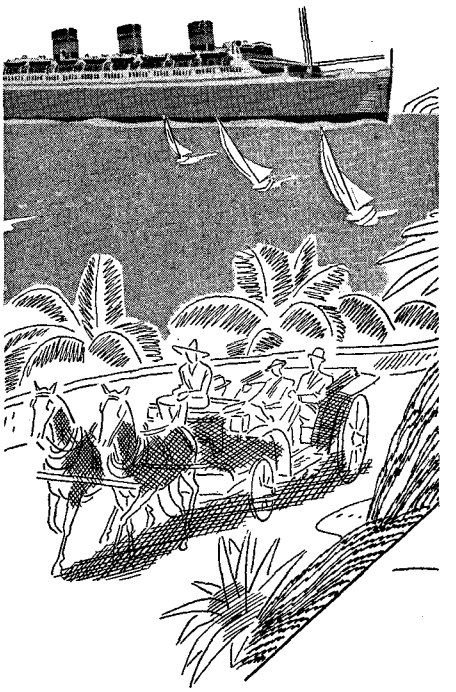

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Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. *The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.*

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

UNWANTED MEN

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

Mr. Rollman [Christopher Rollman, author of "Keep Your Convicts," February FORUM] would have others (or no one) bear the burden of correcting the misfits and cleansing the dregs of a social system of which he is undoubtedly no unimportant part. He does not recognize, or if he does he waives, responsibility for his part as a member of our present-day system in the making of our criminal population.

It is an undisputed fact that a large percentage of our present prison population is the product of our slums, where filth, squalor, and degeneracy of all types hold full reign. Those men in our prisons who usually start their criminal careers as children in such environments, without the necessary and adequate facilities for training them to be decent citizens and skillful workers, are just as much the concern of the individual, even though he employs 1,100 men, as they are of that group of individuals whom Mr. Rollman terms the State.

I am afraid that the gentleman is sadly misinformed when he insists that public sympathy is always with the ex-convict. I need only cite as evidence the daily files of our newspapers for the past decade. While his analysis of the faults of our prison system is sound and his condemnation is justified, his "hard-boiled" attitude toward the product of this system will serve only to intensify the difficulties of the very few who are struggling against public apathy and militant newspaper criticism, in attempting to correct its most glaring and obvious faults.

. . . . . .

. . . At the present time Mr. Rollman, as an employer of labor, is very happily situated. There is an overabundance of man power throughout the nation. I wonder, if conditions were reversed and there were a shortage of labor, if Mr. Rollman would refuse the services of an ex-convict, if he could realize from that labor his usual profit and could continue paying his usual dividends.

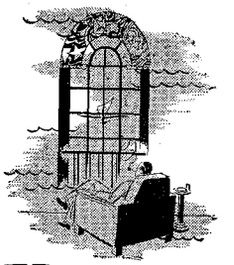
LEWIS E. LAWES

Ossining, N. Y.

BOSS OF MISSOURI

To the Editor:

I have read Mr. Coghlan's article ["Boss Pendergast," February FORUM] on the political conditions that exist in Missouri, and all he says is true, and more. That a great and erstwhile proud



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ATLANTIC CITY

INDEX

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Our Rostrum

commonwealth which in years gone by gave to the nation such illustrious men as Thomas Hart Benton, Frank P. Blair, George G. Vest, William Joel Stone, Champ Clark, Joseph Pulitzer, Carl Schurz, Mark Twain, and Eugene Field should permit a great political boss to select her governors, United States senators, and high-court judges and to dictate her policies of government is indeed an astounding situation, and it can be explained only by the thousands of fraudulent votes the machine counts in our big cities and the manner in which our thousands of State employees are forced to line up their relatives and friends for the machine's favorites. . . .

But the men and women of Missouri, as a people, are as fine as can be found in the world, and thus in my opinion the day is not far distant when they will arise in the majesty of their might and smash Pendergastism until only an ugly grease spot will be left, for is this not the history of political bosses? There was a time when Tammany and the Vare machine of Philadelphia and the Big Bill Thompson machine of Chicago were supposed to be invincible, but now they are only memories.

WILLIAM HIRTH
Publisher & Editor
The Missouri Farmer
Columbia, Mo.

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

. . . May I say that, in my opinion, this is a model of informing writing about a public man by a biographer with a point of view to convey? It is educational, stimulating, crisp, and clear. For these reasons I find it distinguished. . . .

ARTHUR KROCK
The New York Times
Washington Bureau
Washington, D. C.

MALE VS. FEMALE

To the Editor:

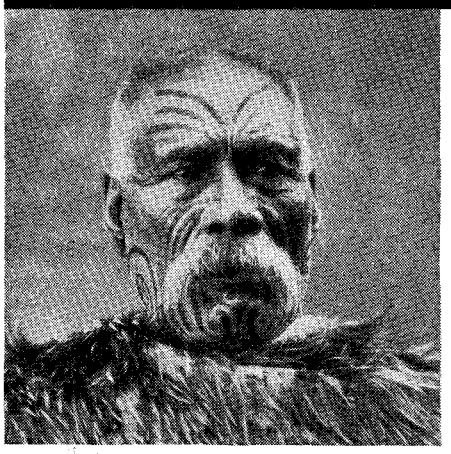
Certainly there is a great deal to be said for boomerangs of which Elsa Gidlow [author of "Will Women Enslave Men?" February FORUM] is aware. . . .

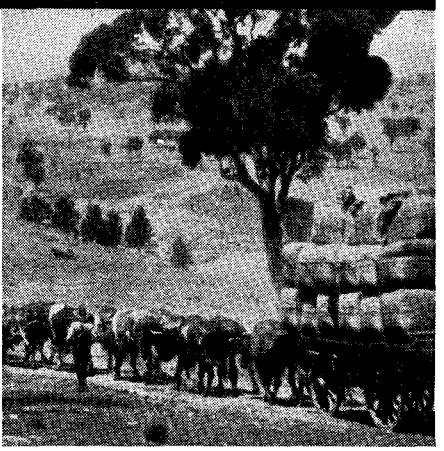
But her approach to the matter meets slight affection from me. I am usually shocked by the wild assertions, made by men and women alike, with respect to the past, which both seem to consider needs no intensive studying, everything of course being clear about the past intuitively. . . .

. . . It is my contention that women are ghosts only in recent written history and their exclusion from it is responsible for an infinite amount of masculine confidence and feminine lack of it. . . .

MARY R. BEARD
Washington, D. C.

NEW ZEALAND





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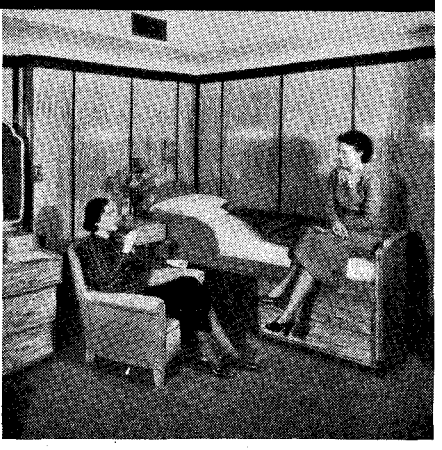

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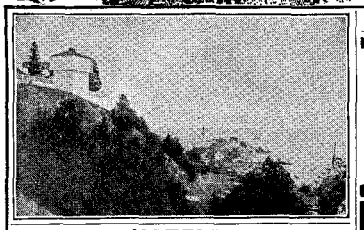

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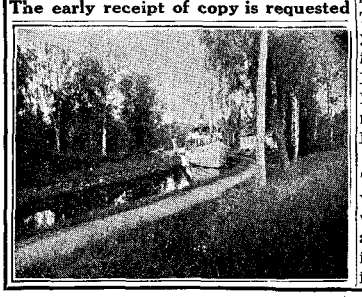

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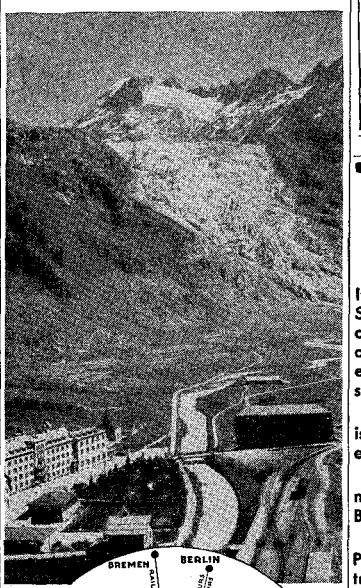

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TOASTS

EMIL LUDWIG, the distinguished German biographer (he calls himself a portrait painter), is an exile from the Nazi Reich. His most recent book, *The Nile*, is reviewed in this issue.

ERNEST POOLE has been a journalist and fiction writer since his graduation from Princeton University in 1902. Recently he has been confining most of his writing to short stories but is germinating a long novel, which he says he will begin work on before long.

ROBERT WHITCOMB spent several months touring the country to study the co-operative movement, and his comprehensive book, *Cooperative America*, has just been completed. His labor novel, *Talk United States*, first brought him to public notice as a New Yorker familiar with the life ways of the American people across the country.

C. O. SHERRILL, a WestPoint graduate, resigned from the army in 1926 to become the first city manager of Cincinnati. He resigned that office in 1930 and since 1935 has been president of the American Retail Federation, organized at that time.

JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY is professor of geology at the University of Southern California. Temporarily at liberty in a New England farmhouse, he is writing a book which Macmillan will publish and in which his present article will be included.

JAMES S. BEALLE was born in Alabama and was a grave disappointment to his parents, who had hoped he would be a girl. After newspaper work in Tuscaloosa, Birmingham, and Memphis, he joined the staff of J. Walter Thompson, advertising agency, in New York City.

MARY M. COLUM will take a month's vacation from writing "Life and Literature" after her present article. She will return to these pages in the June issue and then recess again for the summer.

JAMES THURBER was born in Columbus, Ohio. His first story, written when he was eleven, was called "The Intrepid Scout." No longer a staff member of *The New Yorker*, he does most of his work for that weekly. He is going to write a novel or a play, but it consistently turns into a humorous article or funny drawing. He is fond of wishing he could play a contrabassoon.

MARGARET PAYNE DUTTON has spent her life in schools and colleges among books and human relations. She has published a number of professional books and articles but her present article is her first on what she believes the most important of all subjects — maintenance of peace.

DELLA T. LUTES, who made her initial FORUM appearance Minay, 1935, with "Stewed Quaker," has been a prolific contributor to magazines since that time. Her special field is old-time cooking, but her piece in this issue is evidence that she can stand up for her rights as well as her food.

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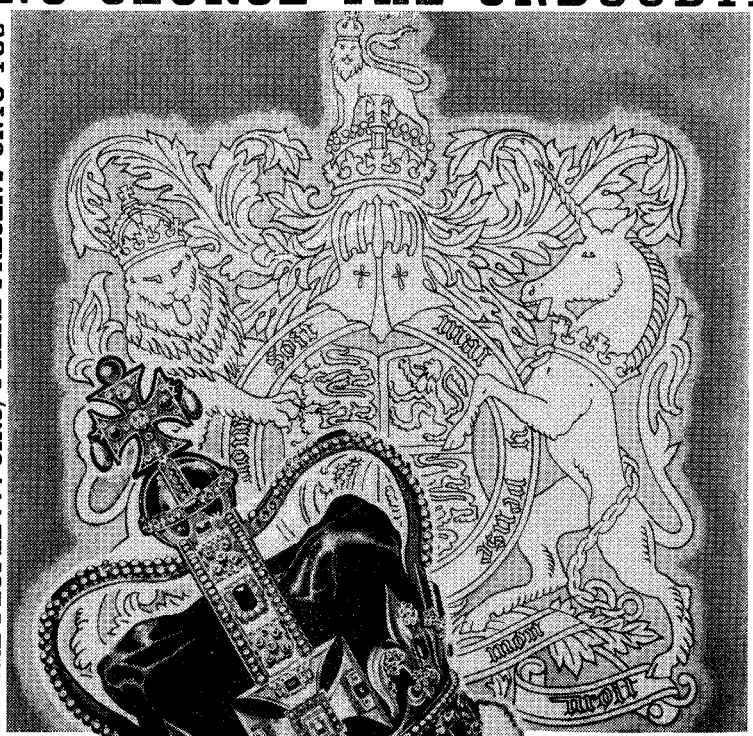

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